WORLD SOCCER

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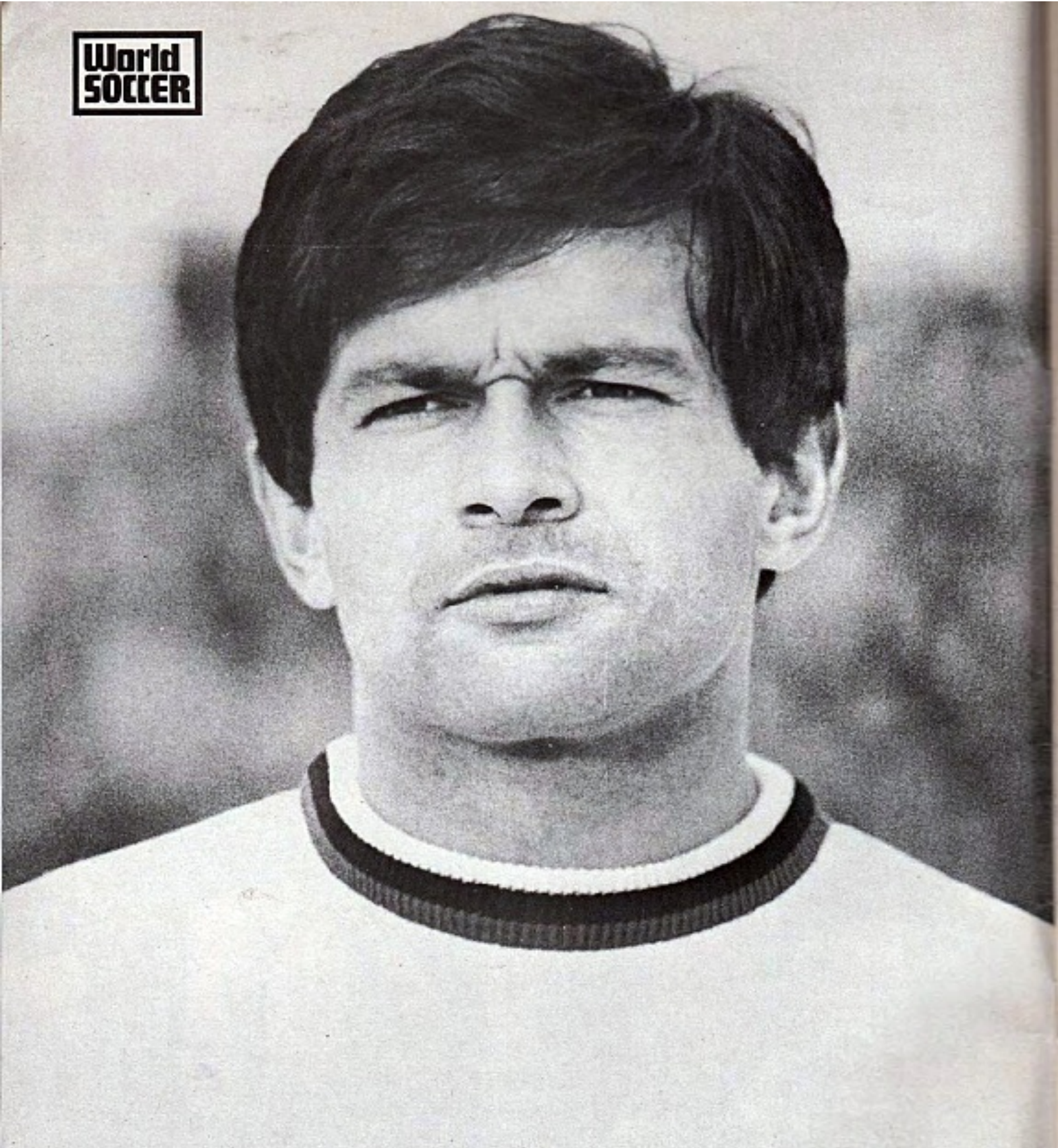
AUGUST 1971

World SOCCER



GEORGI ASPAROUKHOV
Bulgaria

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
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Editor PHILIP RISING

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The "Big Fellow" is no more

POOR Gundi Asparoukhov, who died so tragically last June in a car crash on his way back from training outside Sofia, will always be remembered by those English fans who saw his great goal at Wembley, in 1968. I can still remember my colleague, Hugh McIlvanney, exclaiming, "Come on, big fellow!" as it suddenly became clear, when Asparoukhov whipped round Labone, that a goal was "on".

And what a goal! Having left the centre-half high and dry, Asparoukhov accelerated superbly, holding off Keith Newton, running beside him, before whipping his low shot into the English goal. It made up for all the disappointments of his performance two years earlier, in the World Cup, when a damaged ankle reduced him to a largely static figure.

World stature

If Ivan Kolev was the first Bulgarian footballer of world stature to emerge. Yakimov probably the second, Asparoukhov, on his day, was arguably the finest yet. Tall and strongly built, a natural centre-forward—or striker, if you prefer the somewhat imprecise jargon—he led Bulgaria's World Cup attack in Rancagua against Hungary in 1962, when they crashed 6–1.

It was scarcely an omen. Asparoukhov, initially a basketball player, fully emerged on the European front in season 1965/6, when his two goals surprisingly knocked Belgium out of a World Cup play-off in Florence, and sent Bulgaria to England.

Perhaps there was reason to suppose, after he had again failed to make much impact, in the World Cup of 1970, in Mexico, that Asparoukhov had passed his peak; or perhaps it would be more fair to say that injuries had blunted his edge. Be that as it may, he deserves to be remembered at his best, tall and brave, good in the air, skilful in control, a fine shot with either foot and, as we have seen, a notable sprinter. He is a sad loss to the world game.

COVER PICTURE

Fresh from their success in the last Italian League campaign, the players of Internazionale of Milan take to the field for their Anglo-Italian Cup match with Crystal Palace at Selhurst Park, London.

O'FARRELL PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

by ERIC THORNTON

FRANK O'FARRELL is planning for the future again, but this time there is a big difference. Because the skies are the limit.

Greater fame and fortune is beckoning him forward today than he ever contemplated even in the wildest of dreams during those early and formative years on both sides of St. George's Channel.

It is no exaggeration to say that the next nine months could decide whether history writes the family name in letters of gold or merely provides a spot among all the other poor strugglers who are continually hoping that every new campaign will win the jackpot.

Definitely, O'Farrell is at the crossroads. This is the big gamble. It's success or failure without a halfway choice on this trip. He's burnt his boats, left behind a trail of mixed results, and landed *THE* job. But the job that demands the hallmark of triumph and nothing less.

Exciting? Yes. But life has always been that way for this pleasant Irishman who learned his soccer A-B-Cs on the town and village pitches of County Cork before deciding to become one of his country's sporting ambassadors across the seas.

The necessary build-up was actually commenced at London's Upton Park, in the agreeable company of such equally sociable types as Noel Cantwell, Malcolm Allison, Vic Keeble and young Bobby Moore, who was largely looking on.

It was continued at Preston, when they were still proud, and where the dressing-room pegs at that time, in the late '50s, were also being claimed by Fred Else, Willie Cunningham, Gordon Milne, Joe Dunn, Tommy Thompson, Sam Taylor, and the incomparable Tom Finney—"the greatest footballer I ever played with or against".

Every Deepdaler was sorry to say goodbye when finally the years were counted, it was recognised that nobody goes on forever, and a bit of Eire slipped quietly out of the County Palatine, helped himself to a single to Euston, and then another one-way ticket for Weymouth.

Knowledge

I'll never forget Frank recounting immediate reactions on checking trains off Waterloo's giant services board, and discovering that Weymouth was the last station for a call. The end of the line. Or so it seemed just then to someone having only slight knowledge of the South Coast route, and even less of Dorset.

The trials and tribulations associated continually with small non-league outfits like the Weymouth club taught him much about the kind of life to be anticipated in managerial capacities, but a brief encounter later with the good folk of Torbay, while managing the town club, supplied additional confidence.

Moving more rungs up the ladder he suddenly blossomed as boss of Leicester City, and got away to an unhappy start. For while many were doubters his team slipped back into the Second Division, and, in addition, were beaten by my old friends Manchester City in the FA Cup Final.

It was a grim summer. A brighter winter, because within 12 months his boys were just two points short of promotion, and, as everyone knows, moved up once more as champs, last May, when Frank said he was staying with Leicester, and the directors said exactly the same, but it didn't turn out that way.

One has to admit the background is first-class, particularly his handling of players and their constant moans, and he's a good operator on the transfer market. So the next chapter to follow my book about this club will be particularly interesting to write.

Definite style

For instance, I don't believe they'll play it off the cuff any more. A definite style will be adopted, though every player's opinion will be welcomed and considered for this man always said his piece to the boss years ago and still backs that idea.

Discuss these points with him and you'll be left in no doubt he respects the players and, in turn, anticipates respect for himself. And believes in letting a person know when the limit has been reached.

Most of those meeting him for the first time in and out of Old Trafford may be deceived by pleasant mannerisms and an easy Irish style because it's a combination supplying an impression of softness sans discipline.

I'll agree his brogue is as soft as a leprechaun's smile, but the new manager of Manchester United can match up to a tiger when correction is a necessity!

Two of Frank O'Farrell's new charges, Steve James and David Sadler (dark shirts), in action against Tottenham's Martin Chivers.

Sympathy for Ashman

DON HOWE leaves his position as number two at Arsenal to take up the number one berth at West Bromwich Albion. There is a reshuffle of personnel. Highbury's number three, Brian Whitehouse, goes with him. The outgoing Albion manager, Alan Ashman, has to look around for another spot. It's the old, old story. Not a pleasant one, but an inevitable one (writes STUART SHAW).

But this time it had undertones of distaste more than most instances where a man is sacked and replaced. Of course managers expect rough treatment. The roughest. They don't go into the business with their eyes shut. Unfortunately on this occasion the news was leaked too soon and almost everyone in the world knew about it before Ashman who was on holiday at the time in Greece.

There were embarrassing denials from the Albion chairman but it only served to put the entire matter in an even poorer light. Howe, too, was on holiday in Spain and could not comment either way. There was even counter speculation later on his return that he had turned down the job after all!

Broad basis

Ashman was axed because Albion's League position had worsened in each of the four seasons he had been in charge. In other competitions he was more successful. An FA Cup win, runners-up in the League Cup, quarter-finalists in the Cup Winners Cup and Youth Cup finalists proved sufficiently broad a basis to be considered meritable.

He had a better record over four years than more than half the other First Division managers. But Albion wanted League success. So does everyone else. Yet how many teams can win the League Championship in one season? No letters please. . . .

Unsuccessful

So Albion's sixth boss in 12 years packed his bags. Presumably if their next dozen years produce equally unsuccessful League results they can act similarly with another six unsuspecting—no I mean suspecting managers.

One can feel every sympathy for Ashman and Arsenal. The publicity has put public opinion on their side. Arsenal are without the man who did much to push them on the field to their League and Cup "double" and on the crest of their most successful wave for 30 years.

For Howe, who had earlier turned down an offer to manage Leicester City, he has returned to the club where he started his playing career and for anyone with ambition it is a step up the ladder from being a number two to number one.

Albion have the right to get a new manager. After all they pay his wages and are entitled to give the job to whomsoever they choose. But the real tragedy of the affair is the pure and simple inability of the people in the *coup* if you like to show some character in dealing with the situation. And really sacking a man while he is on holiday is a bit much, isn't it, even in this enlightened age?

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Rumanian journalists agreeably unbiased

"AND one last question," said a Rumanian journalist, with a smile, in Italian: "Shall we read about your impressions of Rumanian football in WORLD SOCCER?"

I said that he would. The occasion was a Press conference I'd been asked to give at the House of Journalists in Bucharest, the headquarters of the Journalists' Union, for the Rumanian football Press; an impressive body. Indeed, I only hope they enjoyed the occasion as much as I did. Their views, and their questions, were exceedingly interesting, admirably without bias. Indeed, there was one particularly agreeable correspondent from *Sportul*, the principal sports daily, who insisted both that Dzajic's winning goal against England in the semi-final of the Nations Cup for Yugoslavia in Florence in 1968 was offside ("I was surprised that none of your journalists mentioned it; I saw Bobby Moore and the other English players coming out of the stadium looking very dejected") and that England should have had a penalty in Leon last season, against West Germany.

When a third journalist asked me how I thought the Rumanian teams I had seen would fare in England, and I had replied in what I hope was complimentary terms, the first journalist smiled and said: "But he hasn't said in which Division!" Needless to say, I replied that I meant the First....

Sportul, ably edited by Aurel Neagu, and with a talented staff of writers, sells between 300,000 and half a million a day, the sale naturally zooming on a Monday, after the Sunday's sport, but is limited to a meagre four pages. The content is plainly of a high standard, the production, perhaps because of the ruthless exigencies of space, is of the bleak kind common to newspapers in the Communist countries: anybody who has seen a copy of *Sovietski Sport*, with its two million-odd circulation, will know all too well what I mean.

I found it particularly ironic to compare the problems of *Sportul*, with all those lively talents fighting for elbow room, with those of the Italian sporting dailies (there are four of them) obliged to fill their columns somehow day by day, and often, inevitably, reduced to scraping the barrel; or at least, to vary the metaphor, making humberless bricks with inadequate straw.

England's Geoff Hurst challenging Rumanian goalkeeper Adamache.

Contrast

One of the chief football correspondents of *Sportul*, Dr. Romulus Balaban, was, until quite recently, chief medical officer to the Rumanian soccer team. He gave up, he told me, because he was tired of "always treating the strong". By contrast with Dr. Alan Bass, who in any case had a private practice and two hospital clinics, and who found sports medicine an intriguing extension of his normal work, Balaban became exasperated.

This state of mind was exacerbated by the fact that, in Rumania, a doctor

who has taken one path is not allowed to take another. So he became a sporting journalist; he also writes a weekly interview column, usually with artists and writers, in a magazine published in Club, a Northern city. He has many friends among the painters and sculptors of Rumania, and took me on a fascinating tour of their *ateliers*.

Nor must I forget Victor Banciuelscu, one of *Sportul*'s senior columnists, most widely read, deliberately specialising in everything but football, though it clearly has a great appeal for him. It was to Banciulescu, really, that I owed my trip, at the actual behest of the Rumanian Writers' Union, via the British Council. Thanks to Banciulescu, *The Rite of Gerry Logan*, my football novel, was published last year in Rumania, he himself collaborating on the translation. But enough of that. I have horrid memories of a travel book about Russia, written by the Italian author, Carlo Levi, whose splendid memoir, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, had been done into Russian. The travel book, whose title I forget, consisted largely of an account of his delirious receptions by vast, attentive audiences of students, all of them eager to talk about *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. Irresistibly, one thought of the old music hall joke: "But that's enough about me; let's change the subject. What do *you* think about me?"

Overflowing

Which brings me, in turn, to Virgil Economu, the Grand Old Man of Rumanian football, 75 years old, still overflowing with ideas and a vigorous interest in the game, who visited me one morning in my hotel bearing books: his own. There were four or five technical publications written in Rumanian—beyond me, alas—and two thick scrapbooks of newspaper cuttings, devoted to his career.

He had been an agronomist, most of whose time was given to the growth of Rumanian football. In France, he played for the Montpellier club both at full-back and in goal, no mean double. He was for many years technical director of the Rumanian national team, a contemporary of Italy's Vittorio Pozzo, whom he knew well. Indeed, I found especially fascinating the cuttings from the Italian Press, relating to a match Rumania played in Rome in 1940, when we in England had other things to think about, and Italy were the World Cup holders.

Rumania lost by 2-1, but the most fascinating aspect of their performance, one which rendered it still more honourable, was that their unfortunate players had been forced to stand in the train for 58 hours, on the way from Bucharest.

Pozzo, lucid as always, was courteous about them in *La Stampa*, but made the good point that their theories at the moment outstripped their capacities, that Economu was trying to do too much with inadequate material. Still, Economu, prowling the corridors, now, not of power, but of *Sportul*, can console himself that his pioneering work has flowered, at last, in the shape of a Rumanian team which can hold its own with anybody.

ARMANDO PICCHI

I WAS glad to see so full and genuine a tribute paid by my colleague Philip Evans to poor Armando Picchi, the deceased manager of Juventus. Perhaps, as one who knew Picchi quite well, I may add a small anecdote, familiar perhaps to some of my readers, to illustrate the quality of the man.

It was the summer of 1966, the World Cup summer when Italy, fatally and unforgiveably, had decided to do without Picchi. So he came to England as a tourist, and one Sunday morning Umberto Colombo, the old Juventus half-back, similarly in London, asked if they might both join in a kick-about in Battersea Park.

A kick-about was precisely what it was; no more. A few players from the Battersea team, then a variegated group of journalists, actors, intellectuals, a number of young Cockneys who rolled up for a game; myself.

Picchi and Colombo arrived with Giampaglia, of Sampdoria, a slim young inside-forward, and a job lot of Italian camp-followers; fellow tourists. We picked up sides; the Italians and myself, 11 in all, against The Rest; 12 in number. Picchi had no football shorts, but it didn't matter; he played in his under-pants, played with a seriousness and a determination, a professionalism, you might also call it, astonishing under the circumstances.

Just as well, really, for the young Cockneys played out of their skins, and I remember it as a marvellously exciting game. "Ah, Pastasciutta!" Picchi kept barracking a tubby little outside-left. "It's not like watching from the grandstand, eh?" We won, eventually, by a single goal; scored, inevitably, by Picchi. It was a game, a morning, I shall always remember; just as I shall always remember Picchi.

World Cup draw

THE draw for the 1974 World Cup proved immensely satisfying to England at least, placed in the same group with Poland and Wales. For others there was cause for discontentment. The South Americans staged a temporary walk-out when their demand for four places was rejected and the compromise which put the winners of European Group Nine into a play-off with South American Group Three could only have upset Russia, France and the Republic of Ireland who found themselves in this position.

Scotland were also fortunate in that they have only to play with two other opponents Czechoslovakia and Denmark, but Northern Ireland in Group Six have Bulgaria, Portugal and Cyprus in opposition.

There was a record entry of 98 countries but the entire situation is so lopsided that in the African Zone there are 24 countries fighting over one place, while there are 32 Europeans with eight or nine places between them and the South Americans numbering nine with two or three places to dispute.

Surely for 1978 the draw can ensure that there will always be four teams in each group and with a little imagination even the 16 final placings could be given an element of extra opportunity?

THE GROUPS

EUROPE: Group One: Sweden, Hungary, Austria, Malta; **Group Two:** Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, Luxembourg; **Group Three:** Belgium, Holland, Norway, Iceland; **Group Four:** Rumania, East Germany, Albania, Finland; **Group Five:** England, Poland, Wales; **Group Six:** Bulgaria, Portugal, Northern Ireland, Cyprus; **Group Seven:** Yugoslavia, Spain, Greece; **Group Eight:** Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Scotland; **Group Nine:** Russia, France, Republic of Ireland (winners play-off with Group Three, South America).

SOUTH AMERICA: Group One: Uruguay, Colombia, Ecuador; **Group Two:** Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia; **Group Three:** Peru, Chile, Venezuela (winners play-off with Group Nine, Europe).

ASIA: Group One: Israel, Thailand, Malaysia, Philippines, Hong Kong, Republic of Korea, Japan, South Vietnam; **Group Two:** Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Ceylon, Syria, India, Indonesia and winner of the match between Australia and New Zealand.

AFRICA: Group One: Morocco, Senegal, Guinea, Algeria, United Arab Republic, Tunisia, Ivory Coast, Sierra Leone; **Group Two:** Sudan, Kenya, Mauritius, Madagascar, Ethiopia, Tanzania, Zambia, Lesotho; **Group Three:** Nigeria, Congo-Brazzaville, Ghana, Dahomey, Togo, Congo-Kinshasa, Cameroons, Gabon.

CENTRAL AMERICA: Group One: Canada, United States, Mexico; **Group Two:** Guatemala, El Salvador; **Group Three:** Honduras, Costa Rica; **Group Four:** Jamaica, Netherlands Antilles; **Group Five:** Haiti, Puerto Rico; **Group Six:** Surinam, Trinidad, Antigua.

One qualifier from each of Asia, Africa, Central America, two or three from South America, eight or nine from Europe, plus holders Brazil and hosts West Germany.

by ERIC BATTY

Obsession with success in England

IT has been often stated that results today are everything—and sadly there are any number of dismissed managers and coaches whose departures seem to prove the point beyond dispute. Yet rarely can any season have served to underline the extent to which the mass media, television and the popular press are committed to the conviction that a winning team is of necessity and automatically a good team.

The recent individual awards—Footballer of the Year and Manager of the Year—emphasise the extent to which the vast majority have been brain-washed with Frank McLintock being accorded the Player's award and Bertie Mee being adjudged "Manager of the Year".

As captain and manager respectively of Arsenal—winners of the Cup and League double—it was perhaps to be expected, but to me and many more who remain objective in their attitudes and outlook on the game this provides proof that these individual awards have lost their original meaning and are now superfluous.

Frank McLintock will no doubt be the first to recognise that his award was a tribute to his team—a collective award given to him as captain—but by its very name the trophy was intended for an individual player. Although my thinking is clearly not in step with the majority of the Football Writers' Association who present this award, I believe firmly that the recipient should be an outstandingly creative and skilful player.

Past winners of this award include Stanley Matthews, Danny Blanchflower and Tom Finney (twice) and if in these days of "kick everybody" and "win at any price" such players have disappeared there are still a few *football-players* around who could have been nominated—given the desire.

Victim

Here I would mention Bell (Manchester City), Peters (Tottenham), McMordie (Middlesbrough) and Coates (Burnley) but tragically it seems very probable that the soccer writers have fallen victim of their own propaganda. For years the commonplace has been described as *great* and what is now referred to as championship-form is in reality only successful mediocrity. After watching on average two games a week throughout the season I cannot honestly recall one single match that gave me any real pleasure and some of the biggest games—internationals and the Cup Final—were the poorest matches of all.

To their credit, most of the modern managers are both honest and realistic ... off the record. They see as I do that the very nature of football has changed from being a game, a sport, an entertainment and is now a big business and a rat-race. The vast majority, however, lack the courage of their convictions and the few that do are generally to be found at or near the bottom of their respective league tables.

Some of the best football I saw last season came from Burnley for whom Jimmy Adamson is building a fine young team. Towards the end of the season this began to be reflected in their results but it was clear from the start almost that they were going to be relegated. They were not big enough, strong enough, ruthless enough to survive in the First Division and at the end of the season, presumably for financial reasons, they transferred Ralph Coates to Spurs. Despite this loss I believe they will be back and if they stick to their present policy they are likely to win a great many friends.

Ralph Coates, recently transferred from Burnley to Tottenham.

Closer to the top of the league table there are teams that can play football and here I believe that Tottenham are about to make the big break-through. Along with Manchester City, Everton and Liverpool they appear to be closest to combining old-fashioned entertainment with the efficiency and consistency that the modern competitive game demands. I have seen them all produce good things but—and this is particularly true of the northern teams—they also demonstrate what to me are some of the less desirable features of the modern game.

There can really be no doubting the fact that the English *can* play real football, but it seems to me that there is insufficient discipline (within the clubs) and a general lack of confidence in themselves and the belief that good football will bring its own rewards.

In my view a really top grade team need not fear defeat and resort to foul play when their opponents take the lead. Again the really *tough* manager is not the type who will demand victory no matter what and organise extra training—perhaps on Sundays—as a punishment for defeat. The really tough boss is the man who will suspend one of his own players for rough play whether or not the referee noted it and took action.

Version

In the long run I am sure that the game will swing away from violence and defence-orientated tactics but before this event can take place it will be necessary for one outstanding team to prove that the English league championship and the European Cup can be won by a modern version of the quality football displayed in the '50s by the Hungarian national team and Real Madrid. Regretfully, however, I fear that time is still some way off.

In this context it is worth mentioning that neither of the two teams referred to had defences that even "looked" solid. Significantly, too, their defenders were not 100% genuine little sportsmen who never committed fouls, but the offences were not violent. As teams, they accepted the fact that opponents would score goals against them and played with the conviction that collectively they were good enough to beat anyone. Their records give testimony to this tremendous confidence in themselves and it is true too that when they were beaten they lost with dignity.

Certainly Arsenal, who represent England in Europe's major competition next season, are no Hungarians.

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TICHY ENDS WITH A GOLDEN GOAL

THE 1970–71 Hungarian League season started badly, deteriorated later, and would have ended in a gloomy anti-climax, but for the exploits of two veterans, who took their leave from big-time football in a remarkable fashion.

LESLIE VERNON'S HUNGARIAN NEWSLETTER

Lajos Tichy, contemporary of the greats, whose names I vow not to mention again in this column, decided to retire at the age of 36. He collected 70 caps during his illustrious career, and played 319 League matches for Honved—his only club. The last one of these appearances was against Vasas in the penultimate round of the championship, and the blond centre-forward crowned the occasion with a brilliantly taken goal in the 45th minute. Tichy was substituted early in the second period, and Antal made the final score 1-1.

The crowd gave a tremendous and well-deserved ovation to their favourite son, who is now going to work on the club's coaching staff. Geza Gulyas, the Ferencvaros goalkeeper, was the other celebrated footballer who made his exit with a totally unexpected flourish. "Frudi" were playing Dunaujvaros at the Nepstadium, and with the score 1-0, in the 88th minute, regular goalie Geczi came off to allow Gulyas 120 seconds of First Division football. Balint, the green and whites' centre-back, was tripped in the last minute in the box, and a penalty was given. The Ferencvaros players insisted that Gulyas should take the kick, and the 40-year-old goalie slammed the ball home from the spot.

After the final whistle, both teams formed a guard of honour, and Gulyas, with tears streaming down his face, ran into the dressing-room for the last time.

Ujpesti Dozsa won the title for the third time running and for the 12th time in the club's history. Although their superiority has been unquestionable throughout the campaign, the feebleness of the opposition and their own lack of inspiraton dims their achievement. However, there were extenuating circumstances, as their manager Lajos Baroti pointed out. "The loss of Goroes due to injury was a grave blow. He makes the team tick and is irreplacable. Still, we managed to overcome the handicap, and I am especially pleased that several youngsters have established themselves in the first eleven. Left full-back Peter Juhasz and winger Laszlo Nagy have been capped, and Toth and Horvath are players of the future. I am sure that the team will give a lot of pleasure to our supporters next season."

Baroti modestly omitted to mention his own giant contribution to Dozsa's rise. The greying maestro, who was in charge of the national squad for eight years, has done wonders for the lilac and whites, and his departure to Peru is a serious loss to Hungarian football.

Third placed Vasas have problems regarding the future of Meszoly and Farkas. This notorious double-act have offended the club's disciplinary requirements time and again, and by the end of the season, even their fellow players demanded strict action. My guess is that Meszoly will go to another club, possibly as a player-manager, and Farkas will be forgiven, but will only be used as a reserve. What a waste—at a time when there is a crying need for talent!

Salgotarjan earned the proud title of the best provincial team, and Dunaujvaros and Szeged descended into the Second Division in place of other yo-yo teams, Egyetertes and Eger.

The average League attendance was only a miserly 7,050. A truly depressing figure in a country where football has always been the No. 1 sport.

Musical chairs

A great deal depends on the coaches, and although the usual end of season musical chairs didn't involve any new names, let's hope that the new brooms will sweep clean. Imre Kovacs, a brilliant wing-half of the '50s, took over Dozsa from Baroti, while his place at Videoton will be occupied by Dr. Geza Kalocsai. The unpopular (with players!) Preiner is the new "guv" at Pecs, and the most important appointment of all is that of Rudolf Illovszky, as the national team manager. Illovszky does have a good record, mainly with Vasas, and understands the game. His first unenviable job was to prepare the squad for Rio, but whatever happens there is immaterial.

The main task is to build a team for the remaining European Championship matches, and then for the World Cup qualifying competition. My advice to Rudi is to travel as much as he can. Not just to watch opponents immediately before meeting them, but to go and see important international matches on country and club level.

Top scorers in the League 1970–71: "King of Goals"—Kozma (Honved) 25 goals, Bene (Dozsa) 24, Branikovits (FTC) 17, Juhasz (Komlo) 17, A. Dunai (Dozsa) 15, K. Toth (Tatabanya) 14.

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"Paco" has played his last game

by NORMAN CUTLER

Francisco Gento on one of those devastating runs which made him so famous.

QUIETLY, almost secretly, Francisco Gento, Real Madrid's captain for 11 years and long-serving outside-left (18 years), has said goodbye to active football.

There were no dramatic farewells or tears ... his name merely appeared on Real Madrid's official list of seven players (including the famous Betancort and the World Cup star, Sanchis) who were not being retained next season. A footnote did reveal that "Gento would remain at the disposition of the club".

That was how the public heard the news, although a small group of us knew several weeks before in Greece.

It was indeed a sad and dramatic moment in Athens when manager Miguel Munoz sent Gento on 15 minutes before the end of the Cup Winners Cup replay. Everyone knew time was running out for Real Madrid that evening but how many of the 38,000 fans were aware of the other drama being played in their midst? We in the Madrid party knew that during those tension-packed final minutes Paco Gento was wearing the white shirt of his beloved Real Madrid for the last time. Most of us were praying his old magic would suddenly appear and produce a miracle victory for Real over incredible Chelsea. If only for sentimental reasons.

But it was not to be. At the end the familiar dapper figure of Gento ... a little bowed through disappointment ... was swallowed up among those giddy hysterical Chelsea fans. It was a sad goodbye.

Did Gento know that was his last game? Yes, but ... "Until the game was over all I thought about was an equalising goal ... how to open that very good English defence ... Real Madrid ... my colleagues ... those were the important things.

"Anyway there should never have been a replay ... we had every opportunity in extra-time of the first game. The replay just wasn't Real's night. It might have been with Stef, Pancho and Hector ... but Chelsea were so very good."

The retirement of Francisco Gento was not really surprising. He has not been the Gento of old for two years now. He has played regularly in the League side but his genius and speed appeared for shorter spasms as the months passed. It was, of course, inevitable. He was injured in October and although perfectly fit after three weeks did not regain his place in the side until well after Christmas. It was form, or the better form of others, not injury that kept him on the sidelines. Then there were many matches when Real's weakness was so obviously on the wings or the absence of wingers ... especially the left wing.

But "there comes a time in a man's life" ... and Paco knew that time had come.

Small-time

It seems a strange coincidence that Gento's playing career with Real ended almost as secretly as it began way back in September 1953. He was 20, and had no sooner broken into first-class football with Santander, from small-time Rayo Cantabria, than Real Madrid sought his transfer. They watched him make one of his few appearances for Santander then immediately after the game whisked him off to a secret retreat ... a disused garage ... for talks (because representatives of Real's eternal rivals, Barcelona, were also after his signature). He travelled to Madrid three days later (Wednesday), signed on Thursday, joined the team in Aranjuez on Friday and made his First Division début against Osasuna at Estadio Santiago Bernabeu (then Chamartin) on the Sunday. Real paid £7,000 for his transfer. (Curiously only a week after Gento retired Real Madrid paid his old club, Santander, £108,000 for three young players, neither of whom will be anywhere as good as Gento.)

Since then Gento has become the most popular player in the history of the club ... and at the peak of his career the greatest outside-left in the world. His great popularity, in whichever country he played, speaks for itself. He became undisputed idol of the crowd and King of Madrid during the period of Real's greatest triumphs and when the club was overrun with glittering stars. He did, indeed, have great competition. First there was Olsen, Zarraga, Munoz and Molowny ... then Di Stefano, Rial and Josieto. Later came Kopa, Santamaria, Del Sol and Puskas. Finally Pirri, Zoco, Amancio and Velasquez. All these were great favourites and great players who the crowd appreciated and never failed to take to heart. But Francisco Gento was always their most loved idol. It was his incredible speed, his dazzling zigzag runs along the touchline and precision-like centres and personality that brought the roar, "Gento! Gento! Gento!"

Perhaps the most strange fact of all is the moment of Gento's retirement. Although Real reached the Cup Winners Cup Final and lost the Spanish League by only two points in an injury-ridden season, Gento leaves when the club is at its lowest ebb. This season (1970–71) is the first time in 20 years that Real Madrid have failed to win a major trophy (League, Cup or European competition).

In the immediate future the great player, one of the greatest in the history of Spanish football history, is to serve Real in a public relations capacity.

Later, when he has passed the necessary examinations ... or when the necessary documents have been obtained ... he says he wants to enter the thankless "Lion Pit" of soccer management.

"I would like to follow in the footsteps of my old colleagues, Puskas, Di Stefano, Rial, Munoz, Santamaria, Josieto and Molowny have all become successful managers. Maybe I'll have the same good fortune."

I said Francisco Gento's departure from active football was almost a secret. It was ... but the official farewell is still to come. I hear Real Madrid intends to make his the most sensational of all benefit matches.

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

CONTRACT POSER FOR KING PELE

WHILE the fire-crackers exploded into sparks and the rockets soared high into the night sky to mark Pelé's farewell to international football with Brazil's friendly match against Yugoslavia, the French club Paris-Saint Germain announced their offer of a fabulous contract should Pelé agree to play for them for the next three years. Of course, we've heard it all before, but this offer, at this particular time, is more likely to succeed than any other.

Paris-St. Germain, added by a not inconsiderable amount of sponsorship from French industry, are prepared to guarantee Pelé earnings of nine million francs—about £680,000—for his services during the major part of the French league season. The offer includes several special clauses, likely to appeal to his club, Santos, namely: Pelé will *not* be transferred, merely loaned to Paris-St. Germain, and during the months June to August inclusive he can play for Santos in any competitive or friendly matches they want, provided he does not appear in more than 30 matches during that time....

Santos will be guaranteed £20,000 on a four-match tour of Europe at Christmas, and Pelé will be allowed to play in two of those matches.... If Paris-St. Germain qualify for the European Cup by the summer of 1973, Pelé and Santos will each receive a million francs bonus, with another two million for Pelé should they go on to reach the European Cup final....

Turned down

Up till now Santos have refused to listen to offers and inducements from Europe—turning down half a million pounds from Juventus, £600,000 from Inter-Milan, £250,000 from Real Madrid at a time when a quarter of a million pound transfer fee would still have been a colossal sum. But now it seems there could be a change of heart, because the goose that lays the golden eggs is growing old.

Santos have managed to hang on to Pelé, but only at great cost to the fundamental welfare of the club. They have become essentially a travelling circus, the Harlem Globe Trotters of Association Football, concerned primarily with the pageantry of the game and only occasionally with its true competitive nature.

Each year Santos play almost 100 matches, at least two-thirds of them friendlies, which benefit both the club and Pelé the most financially. Their schedule for the early part of this year takes some believing:

Santos began their travels on January 13 with a match at Cochabamba in Bolivia. Two days later they played at La Paz, at an altitude around 9,000 feet. On January 28 they turned out in the island of Martinique, moved on to Guadeloupe three days later, then stopped off at Paramaribo on January 28, for Pelé's thousandth match. On the last day of the month they played in Jamaica, repeating the dose on February 2.

King Pele in action for Santos during one of his farewell games but for a change coming off worse against Bologna of Italy whom they met in an Exhibition game in Jersey City, New Zealand. Defender robbing him is Bologna's Adano Fedele. As fine an example of shirt tugging as you'll ever see.

On February 5, Santos flew to Bogota, where they played one of the leading teams, Millionarios. Two days later they had another match in Colombia, at Medelin, where Pelé was taken off with a leg injury. On February 14 Santos appeared in El Salvador, moving on swiftly to Haiti, where Papa Doc had his last taste of soccer before his death when Santos took on the national side at Port-au-Prince.

Returning to Brazil on February 20, Santos took five days' holiday before returning for training in readiness for the first league match of the season, on March 3. Five matches later, Brazil flew to Paris for their game against a French selection on March 31. But they had to be back in Brazil by April 2 for two fixtures against the Bahia side, Salvador, which could just be fitted in before the next step in the league programme.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Pelé should complain while he was in Paris that he was close to exhaustion and that Santos should give a lacklustre performance in a goalless draw settled only on penalty kicks—and even these the French proved more proficient at converting. There were signs that Santos were falling apart at the seams, with the prospect of the whole club falling into oblivion once Pelé finally decides to retire.

Poor results

A succession of poor results cost the Santos trainer, Antoninho, his job, leaving Mauro—the former World Cup centre-half—in sole control of the playing side of the club. And Mauro has already made it clear that he wants a radical change of policy.

As Mauro sees it, Santos have relied too long on their prestige abroad for maintaining financial stability. While they could play friendly matches for up to £10,000 a time, domestic results did not matter—especially in a country where there is no national league and the huge distances separating clubs make even an FA Cup on English lines an economic impossibility. Added to this the squabble between the Brazilian FA and other members of the South American confederation kept Brazilian clubs out of the Liberation Cup, effectively allowing Santos to avoid the tiresome necessity of qualifying for the pseudo world championship of clubs.

But all the signs are that Santos's decline has begun to hit their gates at home, and word is filtering through to the South American and European entrepreneurs that they are no longer worth the huge guarantees they demand for friendly matches. Last year, after all, Sao Paulo won the major league competition, while Palmeiras and Fluminese dominated the competition for the élite, the Gomes Pedrosa Tournament.

Little better

Even by Santos's recent standards, it was a poor year, and they have been faring little better in the Sao Paulo league this summer—down in the middle of the table, six points behind the leaders, Sao Paulo FC.

Mauro is acutely aware that the huge sums Santos have had to find to keep Pelé happy forced them to part with other outstanding players, either temporarily or permanently. Last year Santos transferred Toninho, one of the leading scorers in the championship, to their great rivals, Sao Paulo, for around £75,000, and this season Carlos Alberto, captain of the World Cup winning side, was leased to Botafogo of Rio for four months. It was the only way Santos could stave off the increasing threats of bankruptcy.

What Mauro proposes to do, as I understand it, is to give up entirely the lucrative market of friendly matches in South America, and restrict Santos to a short tour of Europe once a year, when they will aim to play half a dozen matches against the strongest opposition they can find. His object, instead, is to concentrate on building up a team good enough to win domestic prizes, and to qualify for the South American club Cup, which Brazil re-entered this year.

Now it does not take a brilliant accountant to deduce that Santos cannot possibly afford to abandon their programme of friendly matches if they are to continue to pay Pelé an enormous amount in salary and bonuses. So what could be better, from their point of view, if Pelé continued to be available for a significant part of the season, and his salary were to be paid by a French syndicate. It could even appeal to Pelé, for the guarantee would set him up for life, something he could never be sure of in an unstable Brazilian economy.

Cruyff ends speculation

AFTER months of speculation and counter-speculation, Johan Cruyff has been offered a new seven-year contract by Ajax Amsterdam, said to be worth more than £200,000 in guaranteed earnings over the period. Before Ajax won the European Cup, there had been widespread rumours that Cruyff would not be offered a new contract, and that he would be transferred to Barcelona as soon as the ban on foreign players was relaxed by the Spanish FA.

The rumour was further reinforced by the announcement that Rinus Michels, the Ajax coach, was to take over at Barcelona in place of Vic Buckingham, who was returning to England for treatment on a back injury, and resigning his job at Borca.

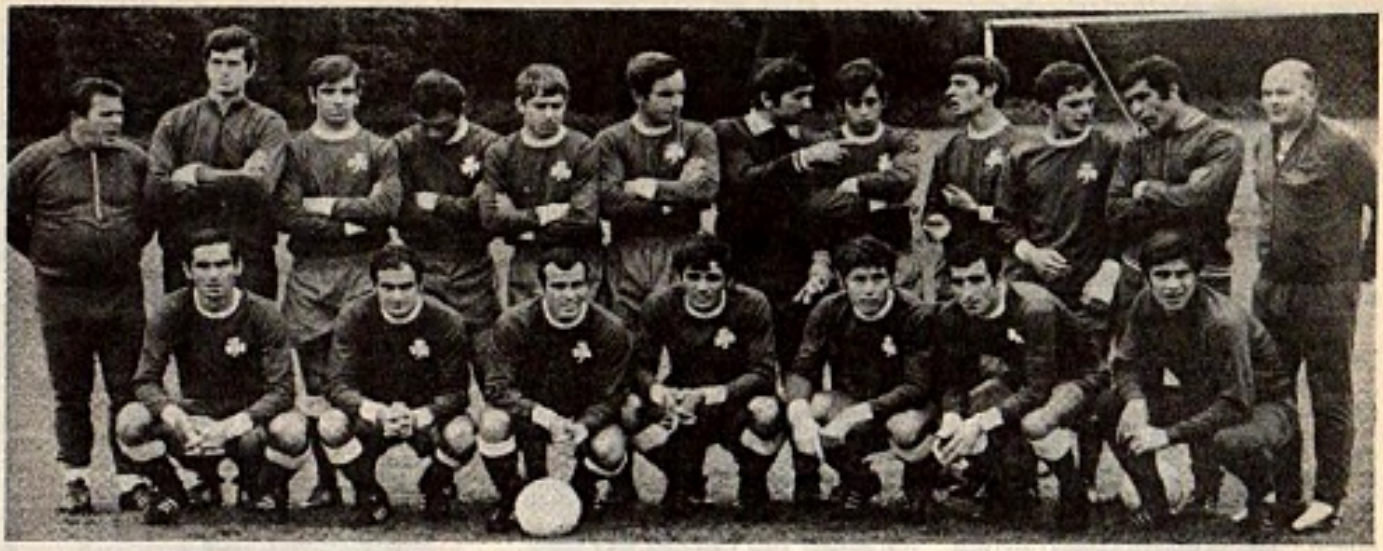
But it seems that Ajax have decided, after all, that the trouble they have had with Cruyff off the field is worth the trouble he causes the opposition on it, and produced an offer that not even Cruyff can refuse. Ajax president Jaaf Van Praag rang up Cruyff while he was on holiday in Mallorca, so anxious was he to ensure that his greatest player would re-sign for the club.

Match ends in brawl

WHAT should have been a pleasant, charitable anniversary tournament in Djakarta ended in a brawl between Cambodian and Thailand players. The trouble started as the teams left the field following Cambodia's 3-0 victory. Military police, armed with carbines, rushed on to the field, but they still took several minutes to separate the combatants, and one Cambodian player had to be taken off on a stretcher. Some spectators threw bottles on to the pitch, and when three Thai players returned them with interest, another incident had to be checked by soldiers.

The troops were in action again for the match that followed, in a "double-header". This time it was the Burmese and South Koreans who started a fight, but all was evidently forgiven and forgotten during the interval, for the teams returned hand-in-hand to start the second half.

The Thailand players evidently took the matter more seriously, for they later refused to meet South Korea in a play-off for fifth and sixth positions and returned home abruptly to Bangkok. The Thailand FA reacted angrily by suspending them for six months, which means they will miss the King's Cup event and the Merdeka Tournament in Kuala Lumpur later this year.



Puskas... he hasn't changed

"DO a piece on Puskas," said the Editor. "Not as he was, but as he is today!" What he really meant was that I should write about the manager who took his faceless team into a European Cup Final, not the player, whose exploits have been written about ad nauseum. But to me, the request had a deeper, more subtle meaning.

I have known "Oesi" (nickname, meaning younger brother) as a supreme footballer and a great personality. He oozed confidence on the field, and his brain was equally active off it. A man who used to dominate every conversation, whose influence on his team-mates was monumental — his mere presence added an extra dimension to their football.

In the legendary "Wembley team", Bozsik was the most complete all-round player, Hidegkuti, the perfect ball-artist, Koesis the best header of the ball, and the most spectacular goalscorer. Yet people best remember the "one-footed" Puskas, because he had an air of a con-man about him, swagger and impudence, which were irresistible.

During the good days, Puskas has been generous to a fault, everybody's friend, nobody's fool. After the decline of Real Madrid, I lost sight of him, and there were vague rumours about his failures as a sausage manufacturer and as a coach of some obscure Spanish club. Then I heard of the Vancouver adventure, and finally, about his departure to Greece, where the weather and the money was good, the players bad.

But as Panathinaikos took hurdle after hurdle in the European Cup, the forgotten idol came to life again. The World Press needed a story, and as they couldn't write much about Pana's unpronouncable goalkeeper or clumsy centre-forward, the glare of the limelight was turned on Puskas. Indeed, I have never been with a team so completely overshadowed by its own manager.

So the miracle of Athens came to pass, and the Puskas-Circus was coming to London! It was with a certain amount of trepidation that I awaited his arrival. How much had he changed? Did those few unsuccessful years leave a mark?

Hero

Oesi marched into the Royal Garden Hotel like an all-conquering hero who occupies a not particularly important country for ten days. Not for him the secluded privacy of Hendon or Sanderstead—it had to be a big luxury hotel where he could be easily reached by friends, journalist, radio and TV reporters, business associates and the countless hangers-on who gather at big football occasions.

The hotel was also the HQ of a large number of visiting Greeks. When I asked Oesi whether the presence of all these back-slappers, including some stunningly attractive girls, would be good for the players, he brushed my question aside, saying: "They would find us anywhere." And when two of his players found the lure of the Soho night-life irresistible, he shrugged his eloquent shoulders. "Silly boys, they should have waited until the match was over." But he didn't send them home, he simply told them that they won't be allowed to train or be considered for the game.

Despite his apparent air of invincibility, Puskas has always been realistic about football. He privately admitted to me: "We have very little chance against a much more sophisticated side. Ajax have great players, we have two or three good ones, the others are only triers. But if we score the first goal—anything can happen."

Still, deep down he knew that the Greek heroes were not good enough—they were just a "flash in the Pana"—to coin a bad pun! "We are here in the Final and one cannot go higher," he said to a group of silent admirers. And they came from everywhere to pay homage to the ex-hero. Hungarians from Canada, France, W. Germany, etc. Many supporters of Real Madrid, and two likeable quiet Spaniards from Vitoria, where Oesi was supposed to be such a flop.

Wherever he went there was an entourage, and people sat around waiting for him. He never refused to speak to anybody or be interviewed, and when he sat with you, his attention was undivided. Whether merely chatting or settling a contract to sponsor some football equipment, he was wholly absorbed in what he was doing. The twitch working overtime, the hands counting match-tickets or signing autographs. He was annoyed that the Press made such a great play about the money the players would earn and the girls who wanted to give their all for the cause.

Ferenc Puskas, pictured left with his Panathinaikos squad, before the start of a friendly match played at the Bank of England ground on the Sunday before the 1971 European Cup Final. The match was arranged by Leslie Vernon and the opponents of Panathinaikos, named "World Soccer" for the occasion, included Editor Philip Rising and his colleague Michael Chandler. The result? Panathinaikos won 15-0!

BY

LESLIE VERNON

"I am a football coach not a bank manager or brothel-keeper," he said to one impertinent reporter, with a flare of Shanklyesque temper. "If you are going to ask stupid questions, clear off." On the Sunday before the match, I arranged a practise game for Pana. Somehow the news leaked out, and several dozen Hungarian *émigrés* turned up at the Bank of England ground to see him. Puskas refereed the game and showed a remarkable knowledge of Greek swear-words and an equally remarkable disregard for the rules.

Puskas told me on the phone that they were leaving the hotel, which by then was jampacked with shipping magnates and ticket touts, at 6 o'clock, and not to tell anybody. I didn't, but somebody else must have, because close on 500 people were waving a fond farewell to the boys, and half of them tried to board the coach.

The club president decided that journalists and other outsiders would not be allowed on. I lost my temper for a minute; after all, I was invited. Puskas sensed this, quickly peeled off a fiver for me—shouting "Take a taxi, see you there!"

"You get it back if you win tomorrow," I said, not taking much of a chance. After the Ajax match, I was one of the few reporters officially assigned to interview Puskas outside the dressing-room. He came out smiling ten minutes after the whistle—a good loser, really proud of his boys who attempted to play the kind of football he once played only so much better.

Following the usual platitudes, he dissected the game perfectly—a shrewd judge, who has a deep knowledge of football. The party was over, but Oesi will be back. The boy has "class", whatever he does. My verdict, Mr. Editor, is that Puskas hasn't changed—not at all!

CANADA SCRAPE A DRAW

AFTER recording a 3-0 away win over Bermuda and losing narrowly to Mexico 0-1 in the Aztec Stadium, the Canadian Olympic team returned home still retaining a good chance of winning their section in the CONCACAF region if they could score a substantial win over Bermuda and then beat Mexico.

But Canada now appear to have blown their opportunity with a shocking display against Bermuda at Varsity Stadium in Toronto. The Canadians who had played very well in their first two games turned in a display that would have disgraced a British village team and could only scrape a 1-1 draw. Now they must rely on Bermuda beating or drawing with Mexico in Mexico to stand any chance, and that is a remote possibility indeed.

Perhaps there is some excuse for Canada, however, for despite their encouraging displays they returned home to find that this game had received almost no publicity at all, and only a little more than 2,500 people in the stadium. Quite a let down after playing before 30,000 people in Mexico, and one can hardly blame the players for feeling that their countrymen were not at all interested in their efforts, so why bother.

This game was promoted on behalf of the Canadian Soccer Football Association by the Ontario Soccer Association and received about as much publicity as a game of street football. There were no programmes and in the press box no line-ups; fans were asked to buy a local soccer paper which contained a completely inaccurate line-up for the Bermuda team. I subsequently learned that the OSA had spent in the region of $165 on advertising, a drop in the ocean by North American standards.

Poor support

Commenting on the poor support the team received, general manager John McMahon said: "I feel this was the reason we played so poorly. The size of the crowd after their fine efforts in the first two games knocked all the heart out of them."

Out on the west coast another one of those seemingly endless tussles which dominate Canadian soccer was resolved only when CSFA past president Bill Simpson flew from Toronto to Vancouver to meet with president Aubrey Sanford. Earlier the BC Soccer Commission had refused permission for the province's two professional teams, the Vancouver Spartans and the Victoria Royals, to affiliate. They appealed to the CSFA and won their case.

POST-WAR ENGLAND SURVEYED BY ERIC BATTY

Chapman's co are w

Francis Lee who made a great contribution towards bringing League Championship success to Manchester City in 1967/68.

NO survey of English football would be complete without a reference to Herbert Chapman, manager of Arsenal when he died prematurely in 1934. Fittingly at this time, with Arsenal the reigning champions and the club to have taken the league title more often than any other club a tribute to Chapman though belated is no less appropriate.

As manager of Huddersfield Town, Herbert Chapman led them to the League championship three years in a row between 1923 and 1926 before being persuaded to come to London. At Highbury he took over a club that under his influence was to become known across the world and when he died in 1934 Arsenal had been champions twice in a row. The following season under a new manager, the team Chapman built went on to make it three in a row—a feat which no other club save Chapman's own Huddersfield Town has ever achieved.

Yet, successful though he and his teams were, Chapman's contributions to the game are almost without limit and there can be no doubt that he was a thinker and innovator far ahead of his contemporaries. His most publicised conversion was that of Alex James, a goalscorer at Preston and recast in the role of midfield general, withdrawn from inside-left for Arsenal.

If the new role of James was so different to be obvious many of Chapman's other innovations were more subtle. Though barely commented on and certainly not publicised, it seems likely as well as introducing the stopper centre-half—key man in the WM defence, Chapman also introduced defensive wing-halves and converted his wingers into scoring roles instead of merely providing high passes for centre-forwards* as they had previously.

On reflection it seems very likely that Chapman introduced not only WM but other variations which were in fact 4-2-4 and 4-3-3. What is known, is that with Arsenal he developed the technique of tight, organised defence; designed to pull opponents out of position and then suddenly to score break-away goals via the long passing skills of James and the speed of wingers Hulme and Bastin. In essence this is precisely the modern defend and counter-attack game—now nearly 40 years old.

ENGLAND

Season	Champion club	Playing record P	W	D	L	Goals F.A	Pts	Leading scorer	Goals
1945-46	No competition								
1946-47	Liverpool	42	25	7	10	84.52	57	D. Westcott (Wolverhampton Wdrs.)	37
1947-48	Arsenal	42	23	13	6	81.32	59	R. Rooke (Arsenal)	33
1948-49	Portsmouth	42	25	8	9	84.42	58	W. Moir (Bolton Wanderers)	25
1949-50	Portsmouth	42	22	9	11	74.38	53	D. Davis (Sunderland)	25
1950-51	Tottenham Hotspur	42	25	10	7	82.44	60	S. Mortensen (Blackpool)	30
1951-52	Manchester United	42	23	11	8	95.52	57	G. Robledo (Newcastle United)	33
1952-53	Arsenal	42	21	12	9	97.64	54	C. Wayman (Preston North End)	24
1953-54	Wolverhampton Wdrs.	42	25	7	10	96.56	57	J. Glazzard (Huddersfield Town)	29
1954-55	Chelsea	42	20	12	10	81.57	52	R. Allen (West Brom. Albion)	27
1955-56	Manchester United	42	25	10	7	83.51	60	N. Lofthouse (Bolton Wanderers)	33
1956-57	Manchester United	42	28	8	6	103.54	64	J. Charles (Leeds United)	38
1957-58	Wolverhampton Wdrs.	42	28	8	6	103.47	64	R. Smith (Tottenham Hotspur)	36
1958-59	Wolverhampton Wdrs.	42	28	5	9	110.49	61	J. Greaves (Chelsea) / R. Smith (Tottenham Hotspur)	32
1959-60	Burnley	42	24	7	11	85.61	55	D. Viollet (Manchester United)	32
1960-61	Tottenham Hotspur	42	31	4	7	115.55	66	J. Greaves (Chelsea)	41
1961-62	Ipswich Town	42	24	8	10	93.67	56	R. Crawford (Ipswich Town) / D. Kevan (West Brom. Albion)	33
1962-63	Everton	42	25	11	6	84.42	61	J. Greaves (Tottenham Hotspur)	37
1963-64	Liverpool	42	26	5	11	92.45	57	J. Greaves (Tottenham Hotspur)	35
1964-65	Manchester United	42	26	9	7	89.39	61	J. Greaves (Tottenham Hotspur) / A. McEvoy (Blackburn Rovers)	29
1965-66	Liverpool	42	26	9	7	79.34	61	R. Hunt (Liverpool)	30
1966-67	Manchester United	42	24	12	6	84.45	60	R. Davies (Southampton)	37
1967-68	Manchester City	42	26	6	10	86.43	58	G. Best (Manchester United) / R. Davies (Southampton)	28
1968-69	Leeds United	42	27	13	2	66.26	67	J. Greaves (Tottenham Hotspur)	27
1969-70	Everton	42	29	8	5	72.34	66	J. Astle (West Brom. Albion)	25
1970-71	Arsenal	42	29	7	6	71.29	65	T. Brown (West Brom. Albion)	28

F.A. CUP

Derby County	4
Charlton Athletic	1
Manchester United	4
Wolverhampton Wdrs.	3
Arsenal	2
Newcastle United	2
Newcastle United	1
Blackpool	4
West Brom. Albion	3
Newcastle United	3
Manchester City	3
Aston Villa	2
Bolton Wdrs.	2
Nottingham Forest	2
Wolverhampton Wdrs.	3
Tottenham Hotspur	2
Tottenham Hotspur	3
Manchester United	3
West Ham United	3
Liverpool	2
Everton	3
Tottenham Hotspur	2
West Brom. Albion	1
Manchester City	1
Chelsea	2
Arsenal	2

contributions without limit

Jackie Charlton heads the first goal for Leeds during the 1970 Cup Final at Wembley against Chelsea.

FINAL

Charlton Athletic	1
Burnley	0
Blackpool	2
Leicester City	1
Liverpool	0
Blackpool	0
Arsenal	0
Bolton Wanderers	3
Preston North End	2
Manchester City	1
Birmingham City	1
Manchester United	1
Manchester United	0
Luton Town	1
Blackburn Rovers	0
Leicester City	0
Burnley	1
Leicester City	1
Preston North End	2
Leeds United	1
Sheffield Wednesday	2
Chelsea	1
Everton	0
Leicester City	0
Leeds United	1*
Liverpool	1

* After 2-2 draw

Total successes to date:

League Champions		
Arsenal	8	4
Everton	7	3
Liverpool		
Manchester United		
Aston Villa	6	2
Sunderland		
Newcastle United	4	
Sheffield Wednesday		
Huddersfield Town	3	
Wolverhampton Wdrs.		
Blackburn Rovers		
Burnley		
Manchester City	2	
Portsmouth		
Preston North End		
Tottenham Hotspur		
Chelsea		
Ipswich Town		
Leeds United	1	
Sheffield United		
West Brom. Albion		
FA Cup Winners		
Aston Villa	7	
Blackburn Rovers	6	
Newcastle United		
The Wanderers		
Tottenham Hotspur	5	
West Brom. Albion		
Arsenal		
Bolton Wanderers		
Manchester City		
Sheffield United		
Wolverhampton Wdrs.		
Everton		
Manchester United		
Sheffield Wednesday		
Bury		
Nottingham Forest		
Old Etonians		
Preston North End		
Barnsley		
Blackburn Olympic		
Blackpool		
Bradford City		
Burnley		
Cardiff City		
Charlton Athletic		
Chelsea		
Clapham Rovers		
Derby County		
Huddersfield Town		
Liverpool		
Notts County		
Old Carthusians		
Oxford University		
Portsmouth		
Royal Engineers		
Sunderland		
West Ham United		
All one each.		

Soccer booms in Texas

NOWHERE in the United States is the boom in amateur soccer better illustrated than in the northern area of the state of Texas. Here, where a few years ago soccer was almost non-existent, there now exist 250 youth teams, 20 high school teams, 20 junior high school teams, 11 college teams, 50 teams in the YMCA league and 16 adult amateur teams, with a combined total of 5,850 players.

Choice

In the YMCA league it was a case of choose your sport and over 800 kids chose soccer over softball (a form of baseball) by 9 to 1. YMCA director Vance Burton has been very pleased with the way the children have taken to the game despite the lack of knowledge by many of the coaches who are used to, coaching baseball.

Reflect

When the figures for North Texas are compared to those for other southern states they reflect the tremendous promotion job that has been done by Ron Newman and the Dallas Tornados and Ron Griffith and his Texas Longhorns. There are 367 amateur teams in North Texas as compared to 220 in Georgia (where the Atlanta Chiefs have been active), 94 in South Texas, 26 in Louisiana, 20 in Oklahoma, 16 in Tennessee, 13 in Mississippi and only nine in Alabama.

With figures like these is it any wonder that all those people connected with Texas soccer are optimistic, and that Barry Rowan, on loan from Exeter City to the Dallas Tornados, should say to me: "In another five years soccer will really be big over here."

Switzerland's goalscoring ratio goes up but attendances are down

WHILE the goalscoring averages in most European leagues have been steadily dropping, in Switzerland the ratio was improved this season to 3.26 goals per match as compared with 3.17 for the previous year. In the English First Division, incidentally, the average fell to a new low of 2.36 per game.

But attendances have also declined here, the 182 matches being watched by 1,316,800 fans. This means 51,200 less than last season and 55,000 fewer than the year before. In the Second Division, which also consists of 182 games, crowds totalled 342,200—an increase of 5,600 over the previous term.

Campaign

After this 73rd national championship campaign, Grasshoppers lead with 16 titles, followed by Servette (this year's Cup winners) on 13; Young Boys 10; Lausanne 6; FC Zürich 5; Basle 4; Winterthur, Lugano and La Chaux-de-Fonds 3; Aarau 2; Anglo-American Zürich, St. Gallen, Montriond, Brühl St. Gallen, Cantonal, Etoile La Chaux-de-Fonds, Biel and Bellinzona 1 each.

There was also a relegation play-off in which Sion beat Fribourg by 1-0. Fribourg are therefore going down to the "B" League, together with Bellinzona, who won only one game out of 26. Their places will be taken by St. Gallen—who were relegated only last year—and Grenchen.

The latter are promoted for the fourth time, but whilst on previous occasions they had been returning instantly to the upper sphere, this time it took them three years before climbing back. St. Gallen, founded in 1879, are the oldest club in this country, were original members of the SFV (in 1895) and won the title in 1904. This is their fifth promotion to the Nationalliga A.

H.H. SIGNS FOR ROMA

"H.H. RETURNS TO SPAIN, SIGNS FOR SEVILLE" . . . did not become the headline of the year. Newspapers had it set all ready . . . but sudden and shrewd developments in Rome forced Helenio Herrera to withdraw his promise to Seville. The headlines became: "H.H. STAYS IN ITALY. RE-SIGNS FOR ROME."

He was in Madrid, en route to Seville to take part in the Guillamon benefit match, when the news of Rome's turnabout reached him by telephone. It was completely unexpected, an out-of-the-blue offer which solved all of his many difficulties.

He exchanged his Seville flight for a return to Rome, and I eventually contacted him at Barajas Airport, as he waited for the plane to football's "Klondyke".

Liquidation

The offer came exactly two months and three days after "La Roma" relieved him of his management goldmine. This time it was for one year, £25,000 on signing, salary, bonuses plus the liquidation of a major part of his taxes which has been so much under dispute.

The Italian Inland Revenue demanded £120,000 for back taxes going back three years. H.H. maintained that President Marchini promised that he, or the club, would pay not only those incurred during his period with Rome but some outstanding from his Inter-Milan days. As all these alleged promises were made during private conversations and with only a personal friend of H.H. present, no one got very far.

"This new contract was quite unexpected. It seems it came about through the resignation of President Marchini . . . and because the new candidate, Gaetano Anzalone, refused to accept the presidency unless I was brought back as manager and given a new contract," he said.

Comments

"My return to Rome is a triumph for right, for the club's supporters who were with me throughout and a victory for my own professionalism." He made a lot more comments, but it's best we keep some illusions. His remarkable gift for comment did dry up a little when I asked whether in fact he was still paying the taxes . . . £25,000 with Rome making the payments, was hardly different from £125,000 (last season's contract) and he making the payments.

And with a typical H.H.-ism, he concluded: "There's little wrong with La Roma, just the problem of a goalscorer like Anastasi. I'll probably sign him. *(At Juventus's price, £500,000?)* **We shall see."**

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Double hopes vanish in Cup Final

Sporting gain first victory over Benfica

Eusebio whose goal against Sporting in the Portuguese Cup Final wasn't enough to stop a stunning defeat.

WITH little more than a month left in the championship race in Portugal it seemed that Benfica and their manager Jimmy Hagan were destined to be runners-up when suddenly, and almost unaccountably, Sporting Lisbon ran out of steam. For Hagan, much criticised earlier, the campaign ended with a flourish—a 5-1 "demonstration" against Academica and the championship with three points to spare over neighbours Sporting.

But Hagan's Lisbon experiences were not quite complete. Having experienced the wrath of the fans and then extravagant success his Benfica squad tumbled to defeat in the FA Cup when it seemed that the double was almost being forced on them.

With Benfica the team in form national selector Gomes da Silva named seven of Hagan's men for the match with Scotland (won 2-0) and as the two-legged Cup ties dragged on it was still Benfica who looked good with Artur Jorge (top league scorer with 22 goals) getting most of the difficult goals, Eusebio the easy ones.

In the semi-finals Benfica hammered Tirsense 8-2 on aggregate while Sporting made really hard work of eliminating Vitoria Setubal. Held to a 1-1 draw in the first (home) leg—a Nelson own goal and a penalty from Peres, it seemed probable that Sporting would go out for Vitoria have an excellent home record this season. Sporting, however, pulled themselves together, took a fighting 1-0 win at Setubal (Nelson) and reached the final for the ninth time since the war.

Squeezed

The third Lisbon club, meanwhile, had temporarily squeezed their illustrious neighbours out of the headlines by announcing the engagement as manager of Brazil's 1962 World Cup winning coach Aimore Moreira. But it was the Cup Final which dominated—the dream final which on paper looked a formality for Benfica, a chance to clinch a double and make it a trio of consecutive Cup victories.

But as so often happens on the big occasions the favourites came unstuck and Sporting almost walked it. In five minutes they were ahead through Dinis and before half-time they virtually settled the result with further goals from Nelson and Chico. Early in the second half Eusebio took one back from the penalty spot (after Diamantino had been fouled) but Chico made it 4-1 for Sporting to give them their first ever Cup Final success against Benfica.

Big three dominate

THE big three in Turkey—Fenerbahce, Galatasaray and Besiktas—have dominated the game since the war and the national league which came into being quite recently. But if next season's champions are most likely to be one of these three there have been definite indications this season that their period of domination is coming to an end.

Goztepe (Izmir) who have managed to sneak away with the Cup a couple of times, pushed themselves up into third place and though finishing five points behind the new champions, Galatasaray, virtually decided the outcome when they beat Fenerbahce 3-1 some weeks before the finish.

Console

Fenerbahce were also humbled by Eskisehirspor, who beat them in the FA Cup semi-finals 3-0 and 0-1 but can console themselves with the thought that they ended the league campaign only one point behind the old enemy.

Galatasaray's coach is Englishman Ron Lewin, introduced to the club by former Manchester United star Denis Violet. On the last day of the campaign the fixture makers paired two of the regular contenders Fenerbahce and Besiktas (1-0) but Galatasaray at home to bottom of the table PTT ran up a 7-1 win to clinch their success. Demirspor were relegated along with PTT ... Posts, Telephones and Telegraph, the team of the Post Office workers and all amateurs.

But it was the FA Cup that provided the real hints that there is a gradual levelling-off process going on in Turkey with Bursarspor and Eskisehirspor contesting the final. The former topped the First Division table very briefly early on in the campaign and beat third placed Goztepe on the last day of the league programme while Eskisehirspor eliminated Fenerbahce.

In the final Bursarspor won their home game 1-0 only to lose 2-0 in the second leg (both goals scored by centre-forward Halil) to justify the claims of Yugoslav coach Abdullah Gegic who had predicted for weeks that his men would take the Cup. Gegic is no bad judge—coach of the Partizan side that won the Yugoslav championship in 1964-65 and put Manchester United out of the European Cup semi-finals the following season before losing to Real Madrid in the Final.

Skoblar triumphs in scorers' race

by ANDRE DUCLOS

THE Bosquier-Carnus affair lies like a cloud over an otherwise reassuring French season. Certainly it cost St. Etienne the Championship, for although they had faltered once or twice before the row, the revelation that both players were set to join Marseilles, Olympique has shown no real sign of being capable of making up the distance. So the immensely expensive Marseilles side will represent France in the European Cup next season: Bosquier and Carnus included.

But there was infinite excitement both in Cup—won by Rennes, conquerors of Marseilles, at the expense of Lyon, conquerors of St. Etienne—and League. Rennes, beating Marseilles 2-1 in the return leg of the semi-final—no longer played, as all Cup ties were previously played, on a neutral ground—thus drew level on aggregate, and prevailed on penalties. The following Sunday, in the League, still another two goals by Josip Skoblar gave Marseilles a 2-1 victory at Nice, while Salif Keita was scoring no fewer than *six* against the bottom of the table club, Sedan, beaten 8-0 at St. Etienne.

A total of 46,801 spectators, a goodish crowd for a French Cup Final, saw Rennes, the Breton team, get the better of Lyon, fellow dwellers in the doldrums of the First Division, with a second-half penalty, André Guy, the veteran international striker, took it, and scored powerfully; it was he who had been fouled, after his first shot hit the post. Some thought the referee was making up for a previous decision which provoked angry scenes and a prolonged halt in the play. When Mihajlovic of Lyon, one of two Yugoslavs figuring in the match (Naumovic of Rennes was the other) headed through his own goal, the referee disallowed the goal on the grounds that Rico was offside. It will thus be seen that Elland Road hasn't the monopoly of controversial offside decisions. . . .

Splendid

It was Rennes' first Cup for six years, and a particular satisfaction for their French international goalkeeper, Marcel Aubour, who has been in splendid form during the last weeks of the season.

Certainly the performance of the international side has given great cause for satisfaction. The Latin American tour, as we have seen, was a watershed, and even without the help of as fine a player as Gilbert Gress, now back with Marseilles, results have been excellent. The form of Fleury Di Nallo, who played in the Cup Final for Lyon, in Budapest was a disappointment, but his defenders point out that he was demoralised from the first by being told before the game that he was coming off at half-time. Nevertheless, France has so much talent in attack at the moment that it hardly seems important.

In the so-called National Championship, which has succeeded the Second Division, and is divided into three sections, Paris Saint-Germain, the newly constituted club, have won the Centre group, Lille the North, Monaco the South. All will thus play next season in the Championship.

But in June, 1972, the national will be no more; it will give place to a newly re-formed Second Division with 18 clubs in each section. This means that 12 of the present national clubs will have to drop out.

Uneasy

The experiment was an interesting, if a slightly uneasy, one. In effect, it entailed throwing in the less successful professional clubs with the more successful members of the CFA, the French national amateur championship. Senior amateur football in France is no more genuinely amateur than it is in England, and players like Daniel Horlaville of Quevilly, as we know, have not found it worth their while to turn professional. (Incidentally, despite the grave injury to their star, Quevilly took an honourable seventh place in the Centre section.)

Amateur clubs could, if they wished, stay amateur, using no more than two permit players, under the so-called "M" dispensation. Paris-St. Germain was built on the basis of the amateur St. Germain club, but a number of distinguished professionals were enrolled, including no less a figure than the right-back and captain of the national team, Djorkaeff, son of a refugee Cossack. Mitoraj, who has also played in the defence of France, was another. Bras, an international left-winger, returned from Belgium, while the sturdy little Cruz had played many years for Benfica, not to mention Portugal.

Yet for all these resources, Paris St. Germain were made to fight very hard indeed for their Championship, and it was only on the last Sunday but one that they made sure of it, ultimately finishing four points ahead of Rouen, a club with long professional experience. Not all their star players settled down against the lively amateur opposition as well as the consistent Djorkaeff.

The Yugoslavian Mihajlovic whose own goal was cancelled out by the referee.

Coloured

The great disappointment was the Southern group, in which Monaco romped away with the title with a seven-point lead, their team, including a current French international in the long-haired Flock, an excellent coloured forward in Koum, being far and away the strongest. Yet despite the fact that there were so many local derbies in this section, attendances were very poor, the highest being no more than 4,500 at an Aix versus Monaco encounter. At Brest and Lille, this was no better than an average gate.

For those who remember their excellent teams just after the war, which included Barratte, Lechantre and Vandooren, the return of Lille is especially pleasing. They had sunk into the depths, but their present side, edging out Chaumont by only two points, has promise.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

Fifth cup win for Bayern

THE German national side gained two points in their European Championship group, by defeating Albania 2-0 at home. But this was the only comfort against the surprisingly resilient visitors, who were clearly determined to avoid a repetition of the slump on their last appearance here. Four years ago Albania were beaten 6-0 at Dortmund, when Gerd Müller, playing in his second international, hit four goals. This time, alas, Müller was absent through suspension, and a man like him who had scored 33 goals in 29 internationals, is not easily replaced.

A capacity crowd of 46,000 at the Wildpark-Stadion in Karlsruhe did, nonetheless, expect a goal rush, but it never materialised. Only during a 25-minute spell towards half-time did the Germans fulfil their rôle of favourites. In that period Netzer—with a cleverly flighted free-kick after 17 minutes—and Grabowski, seconds from the end of the first half, slammed goals to establish what turned out to be the final score of 2-0.

Disappointed

Manager Helmut Schön was disappointed, partly at the failure of his own men who dominated completely but couldn't break down the wall of defenders, but mostly in the tactics of the Albanians, who seemed merely concerned with escaping a heavy defeat and managed just five shots in the direction of the German goal.

Apart from Müller, the other notable absentee was Bernd Patzke, who was left out because of his involvement in the alleged bribery scandal. The only new cap was Bayern's defender Georg Schwarzenbeck (23), partnering Beckenbauer, who gained his 50th cap, while Overath received his 60th call-up.

Newcomer

In the 74th minute Sigi Held came in for Overath, while another newcomer in defence, Hartwig Bleidick (26), replaced Vogts in the last minute. Thus Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach provided seven men, which is nearly a record. This is held by FC Nürnberg, who supplied eight players against Norway, in 1924.

Müller's eight-week ban was commuted to 3½ weeks, so he could play in the Cup final after his club had withdrawn their protest, but instead appealed to the DFB for leniency. Before a near full house of 72,000 at Stuttgart's Neckar-stadium, Bayern confirmed their remarkable Cup-fighting qualities in a magnificent match, which was a credit to the standard of German football, when they beat Cologne by 2-1, after extra time.

Fifth win

This was Bayern's fifth final and also their fifth victory. But never before did they face such odds. A goal down—scored by Rupp—soon after the start, and then, following the equaliser through the best man on the field, Franz Beckenbauer, in the 52nd minute, Bayern had been reduced to ten men.

Defender Herwarth Koppenhöfer retaliated against Löhr and was sent off 20 minutes from the end. Despite this numerical handicap the men from Munich fought back and actually took control of the game! In extra time Rainer Zobel hit an identical shot against the underside of the bar—just like Geoff Hurst's third England goal in the 1966 World Cup final—but this was not allowed to count here. Two minutes from time, 21-year-old Edgar Schneider, who earlier replaced the out-of-touch Franz Roth, hit the winner to give Bayern their fifth Cup.

Bayern goalkeeper Sepp Maier saves from Koln forward Kapellmann during the German Cup Final.

LACK OF GOALS EVIDENT IN NASL

COLIN JOSE in the USA

"HOW do you measure and reward attacking soccer?" This was the question I asked myself as I watched the Atlanta Chiefs play the Toronto Metros in Toronto recently.

During the first half of this game Atlanta, playing 4-3-3, hardly emerged from their own half. Toronto, playing their best game of the season, forced 11 corners as against none for the Chiefs. Four minutes into the second half Atlanta broke away, a Toronto player handled on the line and Barry Lynch scored from the penalty spot.

At this stage in the game under the NASL system for rewarding attacking soccer Atlanta had seven points within their grasp, six for the win and a point for the goal scored, yet Toronto were the team who had done all the attacking and had nothing. As it turned out justice was done and the Metros scored three late goals (two as a result of poor defensive play) to win 3-1.

Attacking

This is not an isolated example. Most teams in the NASL play 4-3-3 when playing away from home, proving to me that this system has failed to produce the attacking soccer so vital to the promotion of the game in North America.

A team with a well organised defence can, under this system, obtain the maximum points playing a basically defensive game, and this definitely does happen. Goals are not a measure of attacking soccer.

While everyone may deplore the fact that the increasing onus is on defence in almost every nation, to play defensive soccer in the United States and Canada is absolute suicide. Here it cannot be stressed enough that results are of absolutely no importance and that who wins the championship is secondary to the promotion of the game and actually totally irrelevant.

The important thing is to play fast attractive open soccer with as little interruption as possible. The real championship of soccer in North America belongs to the team who attracts the most people to the stadiums.

This brings me to the question of television. NASL games are being televised live coast to coast in Canada this summer at 8 p.m. on Saturday evenings. In other words on prime time television. The first two games have been absolute disasters resulting in very bad publicity for a game that can ill afford it.

Montreal and St. Louis in the TV opener turned in one of the poorest exhibitions of professional soccer I have ever seen. In the second game the NASL was again unlucky in that a combination of poor refereeing by NASL referee in chief Eddie Pearson, a poor Toronto team and a strong but unexciting Dallas team playing 4-3-3 produced very bad television. (Dallas won 3-0.)

While the NASL has been unfortunate in that these two games were not indicative of the standard of play in the league, it must be said that the overall standard of play in the league is not yet ready for this kind of exposure. The North American television networks do not show fourth-rate American football or Canadian hockey, so why fourth-rate soccer?

Inclement

Attendances this season so far are really no better than they were in previous years and as usual the elements are not co-operating. Most stadiums are open and therefore crowds can be seriously affected by inclement weather. The New York Cosmos, for example, only attracted a little over 2,000 to the vast Yankee Stadium on a rainy evening for the visit of Hearts. Much the same happened for Hearts visit to Toronto, where 4,000 tickets were sold but only 2,000 actually watched in the rain.

We find a highly unprofessional situation at Rochester which does no credit to the club or to the league. The Lancers, last year's champions, have with nearly half of the league programme completed no official stadium in which to play their home games. So far they have had to rearrange some of their fixtures for the day after that originally scheduled in order to fit in with the fixtures of the local baseball team. Nothing more has been heard regarding negotiations for moving the franchise to Miami.

It is obvious that while soccer continues to grow at the grass roots level the professional game is in serious difficulties. A number of clubs have to be very doubtful starters for next season due to financial reasons for people are becoming increasingly disillusioned by the fact that the interest level in the professional game seems to be no higher now than it was when the league all but collapsed in 1968.

Videotape

In the NASL competition itself Atlanta leads the Southern Division but are being strongly challenged by Dallas, while in the Northern Division which appears to be weaker, Rochester leads with New York two points behind. Toronto have filed a protest over their home game with Dallas as a result of two decisions by referee Eddie Pearson. They claim that the videotape of the game shows that three Dallas players were offside on their first goal and that a penalty kick should not have been awarded on the second goal. Toronto are asking that Eddie Pearson be barred from refereeing in Toronto again.

On the international tour picture Hearts completed their tour, losing only one game (that to Atlanta) while they beat Montreal 7-0. Italian First Division team Lanerossi Vicenza are undefeated so far, but were held to a scoreless draw by Dallas. Lanerossi's visit to Toronto attracted the league's biggest crowd of the season — 12,252 — proving as always that in some cities the potential is there. In the first half the Italians cantered to a 3-0 lead but eased up too much in the second half and Toronto pulled back two goals.

Betis are promoted

BETIS are back in the First Division of the Spanish League after two seasons in the wilderness. They were proclaimed Champions of the Second three matches before the end of the season.

Founded in 1907, Betis are the only unfashionable club ever to win the First Division title (only seven clubs have ever won the title) in 40 years. Betis did it in 1934–35 with only 15 players.

ANDERLECHT STAGE CLEAR-OUT..

Rob Rensenbrink who figured in an exchange deal between Bruges and Anderlecht.

THE last act of the 1970–71 season in Belgium was played out at the Heysel Stadium where a 40,000 crowd saw Beerschot AC beat VV St. Trond 2-1 after extra time in the FA Cup Final. It was a record crowd and all the more remarkable because the match was staged between two of the less fashionable clubs and providing lasting proof, if it were now needed, that the Cup has arrived.

It was only in 1954 that the FA first introduced their knock-out competition and interest was so poor that after three seasons it was shelved for seven years. At that time Cup games were as popular as cricket or croquet would have been.

A last reference to the league campaign is justified through the two penalty points RFC Antwerp collected when champions Standard introduced a foreign substitute (thus contravening the two foreigners per game rule). When it was all over Charleroi SC and La Gantoise went down while Antwerp escaped by one point and the outcome seems that in all probability the FA will order replays rather than give away soft points as they did in the *Petrovic affaire*.

Meanwhile, RSC Anderlecht are having what appears to be a good clear out. Piqued at Standard's third successive league success the Brussels club have engaged German-born former Sparta Rotterdam manager (and the Dutch national squad coach) Georg Kessler. Amongst the players, left-winger Wilfried Puis has been exchanged for Dutch cap Rob Rensenbrink (FC Bruges), Jan Verheyen, a Belgian international inside-forward transferred from Beerschot, and Jean Dockx, the resolute left-half from Racing White, was the subject of an involved deal.

To get him Anderlecht gave three players — Desanghere and Maertens plus Teugels of Union St. Gilloise whom they got for Racing by financing the transfer. Part of the fee they hope to recoup from the sale of centre-half Julien Kialunda, who is understandably unhappy with a £25,000 fee on his head at 31.

Another managerial change concerns FC Bruges, whose former manager Dutch 'keeper Frans De Munck has left for Lierse SK, while former Anderlecht star Joseph Jurion has quit La Gantoise to be player-manager of Division III Lokeren.

Honours go to the provinces

WITH two provincial clubs firmly installed at the top of the Austrian championship table it was left to Vienna to provide both FA Cup Finalists—the big post-war rivals SC Rapid and FK Austria. The latter had appeared to be in possible relegation trouble earlier when they had appealed to their former stopper Karl Stotz—a terrible reversal for the 1970 champions.

Confidence under Stotz steadily returned and a tight-fought Cup Final saw Rapid edging towards yet another honour suddenly floored with an 88th-minute equaliser. In extra time it was FK Austria who got the winner (2-1).

The following weekend more or less settled Wacker Innsbruck's league claim when they beat Admira 5-2 while their only rivals, FK Austria Salzbourg, dropped a home point (2-2) against Wattens. Strangely enough, Salzbourg had been leaders a month earlier when they had lost 1-2 to Admira. Meanwhile, in Vienna Rapid were replaying their Cup Final and a league match and doing what everyone had said they would do in the Cup—hammering Austria 4-1.

The final round of the league programme ended with the two provincial leaders visiting Vienna—Wacker Innsbruck beating SC Wacker (Wien) 4-2 and FK Austria Salzbourg beating Wiener Sport Klub by 2-0. At the top—Wacker Innsbruck with 44 points from 30 matches followed by Austria Salzbourg one point away and at the bottom one of the old *prestigioso* Viennese clubs SC Wacker relegated once more, this time along with Radentheim.

Apart from the Cup win, Vienna's only claim to fame was Admira-Energie centre-forward Willi Kreuz who topped the scorers' list with 26 goals, ahead of Karl Kodat (Austria Salzbourg) with 23 and Hans Ettmayer (Wacker Innsbruck) who hit 20. It's worth mentioning perhaps that two of the new *champions*, Wolny and Grausam, were rejects from SC Rapid.

Now the shopping season opens with clubs from the *Bundesliga* and Belgium being the biggest spenders. Hans Ettmayer, midfield general and top scorer of the new champions, has already signed for VfB Stuttgart, but Kreuz and several more are talking terms and doubtless there will be another exodus.

Marseille work for more success

by JACK ROLLIN

YOU just have to admire the approach of Olympique Marseille to the business of winning the French League title. They have a simple, straightforward method of achieving their aims. If they have a good team they sign up the best players from other clubs to make it a better one and then pick a more successful coach from elsewhere to add to the current choice, who is himself no mug at the job.

Making it a little more lucid, at the end of the 1969-70 season Marseille had finished in second place but they cleared out eight players and made four new signings to add to their 14 retained men. It was hardly a French revolution in terms of heads rolling but it was sufficient evidence of the club's determination to go one better in 1970-71.

It did not end there. In the winter break they snapped up Gilbert Gress the Strasbourg-born Alsatian from West Germany's VfB Stuttgart because the latter club could not continue to afford to pay him an increased salary. Gress made the midfield even stronger than before and allowed Joseph Bonnel to move up into the front.

Still the team had not made a scintillating start to the season. In fact they were beaten 3-0 at Nimes in only their third game and had it not been for an equally indifferent beginning by St. Etienne, Marseille may not have done even this well at the beginning.

But Marseille's hard, dedicated, professional approach, itself almost a unique attitude in France these days, just has to succeed. The case of Roger Magnusson makes this abundantly clear.

In the pre-World Cup days of 1970, the Swedish FA tried everything to get their right-winger Magnusson released for the series in Mexico. Marseille, who had him on loan from Italy's Juventus, insisted that unless Sweden paid his wages while he was on World Cup duty, he would not be released. The result was that Magnusson stayed put in France. That summer Marseille completed his transfer from Juventus for whom he had never played in a League match because of the limit on the number of foreigners, though he had turned out in European games for them.

Magnusson had recommended Gress whom he had first come across while playing on loan to Cologne in the Bundesliga. Another exile from the Bundesliga, Josip Skoblar, a Yugoslav international, had found his way to France from Hannover 96.

And rarely has a big money foreign signing been more worthwhile. If one man more than any other in the side was responsible for Marseille taking the title it was certainly Skoblar. He hit a colossal 44 goals to put himself ahead of everyone else in Europe.

And during the season Marseille kept up their ability to make the headlines with sensational news. Midway through the League programme they announced that they had engaged Lucien Leduc, the 57-year-old coach of Angers. This did not mean that Mario Zatelli, their 58-year-old boss, was being chopped. Zatelli was promoted to technical director despite rumours that he and club president, the uncompromising Marcel Leclerc, had had a series of rows. It was announced that Leduc and Zatelli would form a new dynamic duo.

One of Marseille's greatest imports, Roger Magnusson in action.

Best records

Leduc had one of the best records as a coach in France. In 1947 he had led Roubaix to the title, in 1949 he had similar success with Racing Club in the Cup and in the 1960s achieved a League and Cup "double" with Monaco. It was enough to land him a 2½-year contract with Marseille.

He insisted that the club should adopt an attacking policy. This was good news for Skoblar, who was even then averaging a goal a game! Then a 3-1 defeat at Bordeaux, who were bottom of the table, finally clinched matters in favour of Leduc's style. Marseille abandoned their sweeper style and went on the offensive.

Still they kept up their surprises. They snapped up Yugoslav international goalkeeper, Ilija Pantelic, from a French Second Division club and then achieved their biggest success. It was a master stroke which virtually ended resistance by their only rivals for the title, St. Etienne.

Before their home match with Bordeaux, St. Etienne announced that goalkeeper Georges Carnus and centre-back Bernard Bosquier were going to join Marseille next season! It was scarcely a well-timed statement.

The crowd were upset, the players, too, and St. Etienne were beaten 3-2. Eventually both players were axed from the first team and the episode blew up into a huge furore. Clearly their efforts would have been questioned as St. Etienne fought to keep their League crown knowing that their best and most experienced internationals were likely to move to their biggest rivals the following season.

After that it was only a question of by how many points would Marseille win the league, though in a courageous late

FOCUS ON OLYMPIQUE MARSEILLE

rally led by the Malian Salif Keita, St. Etienne made a late bid to keep the title.

Still thanks to Skoblar, Marseille marched on. Next to him in the club scoring charts came Charly Loubet with 14 goals followed by Bonnel with 12. But Loubet is leaving the club and will be sadly missed. Yet Marseille will not be content to leave their close season captures at only two, even though they are of the calibre of Carnus and Bosquier.

These two named, plus Magnusson, Skoblar, Gress, Bonnel and Jacky Novi are likely to form the nucleus of an even more formidable side next term. Novi had a great season in fact. Playing normally in a stopper role for France, he has occupied a midfield position for Marseille except on the odd occasion when he has been detailed to mark Salif Keita for instance where he stuck to him like a leech.

It was Marseille's third French league title. Their last one occurred in 1947–48 and previously had been in 1936–37. This time they had a four-point advantage over their nearest rivals and their 94 goals was a great achievement in these days of defensive football.

St. Etienne have done nothing in Europe for the last four years and now it is Marseille's turn to put French football back on the European map for the first time since Reims challenged the might of Real Madrid in the late 1950s.

Another incredible fact about Olympique Marseille is that more than a few thousand people watch them. Crowds of 30,000 regularly flock to the Stade Velodrome, which incidentally is the biggest League ground in the country, capable of holding 50,000.

If Marseille can succeed in getting over this hurdle then they could well go on to at least reach the semi-finals. And they have more than one star in their side to ensure that they can never be called Skoblar FC, though this gentleman is going to be a well-marked man next season.

Two-leg teaser for Ajax

FOR the first time in the history of the major European competitions all eligible countries entered the three tournaments and they produced an almost entirely clean set of pairings with only one doubt—the outcome of the Levski Spartak v. Lokomotiv Plovdiv Bulgarian Cup Final deciding which team participated in the Cup Winners Cup and the other in the UEFA Cup which has replaced the old Fairs Cup.

The UEFA Cup followed the formation of the old Fairs Cup with 64 teams split into eight groups. Bologna v. Anderlecht; St. Etienne v. 1 FC Koln and Wolves v. Academica were among many interesting ties.

Full draws:

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS CUP

Preliminary round: Valencia (Spain) v. US Luxembourg.

First round: Galatasaray (Turkey) v. Central Army Moscow (USSR); Standard Liege (Belgium) v. Linfield (Northern Ireland); BK 1903 Copenhagen (Denmark) v. Celtic (Scotland); Feyenoord (Holland) v. Olympia Nicosia (Cyprus); Dynamo Bucharest (Rumania) v. Spartak Trnava (Czechoslovakia); Inter-Milan (Italy) v. AEK Athens (Greece); Ujpest Dosza (Hungary) v. Malmo FF (Sweden); Cork Hibernians (Eire) v. Borussia Monchengladbach (West Germany); Olympique Marseille (France) v. Gornik Zabrze (Poland); Wacker Innsbruck (Austria) v. Benfica (Portugal); Ajax Amsterdam, holders (Holland) v. Dynamo Dresden (East Germany); CSKA Sofia (Bulgaria) v. Partizani Tirana (Albania); Valencia or US Luxembourg v. Hajduk Split (Yugoslavia); Stromgodset (Norway) v. Arsenal (England); Reipas Lahti (Finland) v. Grasshoppers (Switzerland); IA Akranes (Iceland) v. Sliema Wanderers (Malta).

CUP WINNERS CUP

Preliminary round: B1909 Odense (Denmark) v. FK Austria; Fram Reykjavik (Iceland) v. Hibernians Valletta (Malta).

First round: Servette (Switzerland) v. Liverpool (England); Distillery (Northern Ireland) v. Barcelona (Spain); Dynamo Berlin (East Germany) v. Cardiff City (Wales); Jeunesse Hautcharage (Luxembourg) v. Chelsea, holders (England); Limerick (Eire) v. Torino (Italy); Lyn Oslo (Norway) v. Sporting Lisbon (Portugal); Skoda Pilzen (Czechoslovakia) v. Bayern Munich (West Germany); Komlol Banynsz (Hungary) v. Red Star, Belgrade (Yugoslavia); Olympiakos (Greece) v. Dynamo Moscow (USSR); Rennes (France) v. Rangers (Scotland); Levski-Spartak or Lokomotiv Plovdiv (Bulgaria) v. Sparta Rotterdam (Holland); Dynamo Tirana (Albania) v. B1909 Odense or FK Austria; Atvidaberg (Sweden) v. Zaglebie Sosnowiecz (Poland); Fram Reykjavik or Hibernians v. Steaua Bucharest (Rumania); Anorthosis (Cyprus) v. Beerschot (Belgium); MP Mikkeli (Finland) v. Eskisehirspor (Turkey).

UEFA CUP

Group One: Lierse SK (Belgium) v. Leeds United (England); Hertha Berlin (West Germany) v. IF Elfsborg (Sweden); Dundee (Scotland) v. Akademisk Copenhagen (Denmark); Rosenborg (Norway) v. IFK Helsinki (Finland).

Group Two: Vasas Budapest (Hungary) v. Shelbourne (Eire); Glentoran (Northern Ireland) v. Eintracht Brunswick (West Germany); Keflavik (Iceland) v. Tottenham Hotspur (England); Celta Vigo (Spain) v. Aberdeen (Scotland).

Group Three: ADO The Hague (Holland) v. Aris Bonnevoie (Luxembourg); Wolves (England) v. Academica (Portugal); St. Etienne (France) v. 1 FC Koln (West Germany); Lugano (Switzerland) v. Legia Warsaw (Poland).

Group Four: Porto (Portugal) v. Nantes (France); SV Hamburg (West Germany) v. St. Johnstone (Scotland); Southampton (England) v. Atletico Bilbao (Spain); Bologna (Italy) v. Anderlecht (Belgium).

Group Five: Napoli (Italy) v. Rapid Bucharest (Rumania); Vitoria Setubal (Portugal) v. Nimes (France); Atletico Madrid (Spain) v. Panionios (Greece); Carl Zeiss Jena (East Germany) v. Lokomotiv Plovdiv or Levski Spartak.

Group Six: Real Madrid (Spain) v. Basle (Switzerland); Marsa (Malta) v. Juventus (Italy); Dynamo Zagreb (Yugoslavia) v. Botev Vratza (Bulgaria); UT Arad (Rumania) v. Austria Salzburg.

Group Seven: Fenerbahce (Turkey) v. Ferencvaros (Hungary); AC Milan (Italy) v. Dighenis Akritus Morphou (Cyprus); VSS Kosice (Czechoslovakia) v. Spartak Moscow (USSR); Djurgaarden (Sweden) v. OFK Belgrade (Yugoslavia).

Group Eight: Rapid Vienna (Austria) v. Vlaznija (Albania); Zeleznicar Sarajevo (Yugoslavia) v. FC Bruges (Belgium); Chemie Halle (East Germany) v. PSV Eindhoven (Holland); Zaglebie Walbrzych (Poland) v. Union Teplice (Czechoslovakia).

ESTUDIAN REIGN CO TO AN EN

MONTEVIDEO NACIONAL, Uruguayan champions for the last two seasons, are the new South American Club champions. They ended the reign of Argentine provincial club, Estudiantes de La Plata, cup holders for the previous three years, but it took three games to do it.

The odds were on Nacional from the start as they were in top form while Estudiantes were bottom of the Metropolitan First Division at home and with relegation on their minds. Also, Estudiantes had a far easier path into the final. As Cup holders, they had a bye through the first round groups, while in the semi-final group they were drawn with comparatively weak clubs, Barcelona of Ecuador (whom they beat 1-0 away, but lost by the same score at home) and Chile's Union Española (whom they beat 1-0 and 2-1).

Nacional, on the other hand, had tougher opposition, but won through with ease. They won their first round group against Peñarol (Uruguay), Chaco Petrolero (Bolivia) and The Strongest (Bolivia) by four points with a won five, drew one, lost nil record, and their semi-final group against Palmeiras (Brazil) and Universitario (Peru) by three points with a 3-1-0 record.

Yet Estudiantes played well above themselves, as they had always done in this competition, so much so, that after winning the first leg at La Plata, Nacional President, Miguel Restucia, alleged on his return to Montevideo that it was unbelievable and that the Argentine players must have been drugged.

Estudiantes won the first leg well and they won it cleanly—which is unusual for them—even with winger Veron, their most dangerous forward, injured and virtually a passenger during the second half. Estudiantes had most of the ball, did most of the attacking, had difficulty in breaking through the tough, rough Nacional defence because their forward line isn't really high class, but at the same time they gave Nacional virtually no room to move. Romeo scored the only goal spectacularly in the second half.

The second game, at Montevideo, saw Nacional have the better of the ex changes during the first half and scorin through Musnik after 17 minutes.

As is usual in this type of competition visiting team, Estudiantes, started of defensively to hold out for a draw whic would have given them the Cup, but wit the aggregate score all square and bot teams needing goals in the second hal Estudiantes were the better team agai and did most of the attacking. It wa their forwards who let them down again They just weren't good enough to ge past Nacional's sound defence, althougl they were often very close.

Penetrating

The play-off took place at Lim (Peru). After Nacional had taken th lead when Togneri put through his ow goal after 22 minutes, Estudiantes too the initiative, fighting vainly for th equaliser—attacking but not penetratin —until 25 minutes from the end whe Artime, Nacional's top scorer and ofte their only forward up, netted thei second following a counter-attack. Afte that Estudiantes seemed to be resigne to their fate although they continued t have more of the ball.

There had been little football in thi third encounter. Nerves conquered both teams. Estudiantes actually stood th pace better, but their forwards couldn' take their chances. One goal during th La Plata team's dominance would hav made all the difference.

So there was very little between th teams in this three-match series. Estudiantes, who had become famous fo their "anti-football" and rough tactics, were good losers this time. The three games had been comparatively incident free, thanks in part to the referees, but Nacional are as famous as Estudiantes for their rough play and bad behaviour.

Nacional have won the Cup for the first time, but it is the fourth time that the trophy goes to Uruguay in its 12-year history, Peñarol having won it in 1960, 1961 and 1966.

"Libertadores" Cup winners

1960 Peñarol (Uruguay)
1961 Peñarol (Uruguay)

Verde (Estudiantes) tries to head the ball but white-shirted Anchetta (Nacional), behind him, had got there first in the Libertadores Cup final (first leg).

NTES' OMES ND

South American Club Championship report from **ERIC WEIL**

1962 Santos (Brazil)
1963 Santos (Brazil)
1964 Independiente (Argentina)
1965 Independiente (Argentina)
1966 Peñarol (Uruguay)
1967 Racing (Argentina)
1968 Estudiantes (Argentina)
1969 Estudiantes (Argentina)
1970 Estudiantes (Argentina)
1971 Nacional (Uruguay)

Nacional: Back row left to right: Mujica, Manga, Masnik, Blanco, Anchetta, Montero Castillo. Front row: Prieto, Maniero, Esparrago, Artime, Morales.

SEMI-FINAL — GROUP ONE

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) ..... (0) 0
NACIONAL (Uruguay) ..... (0) 0

Universitario: Ballesteros; Gonzalez, Cuellar, Chumpitaz, Salinas, Cruzado, Challe, Jurado, Balletti, Rojas, Ramirez.

Nacional: Manga; Blanco, Ancheta, Masnik, Mujica, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Esparrago, Cubilla, Artime, Bareno.

PALMEIRAS (Brazil) ..... (0) 0
NACIONAL ..... (2) 3
(Artime 2, Bareno)

Palmeiras: Leao; Eurico, Baldocchi, Nelson, Dudu, Ademir da Guia, Edu, Hector, Silva, Cesar, Pio.

Nacional: Manga, Blanco, Ancheta, Masnik, Mujica, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Cubilla, Esparrago, Artime, Morales (Bareno).

PALMEIRAS ..... (2) 3
(Cesar, Gonzalez og, Dudu)
UNIVERSITARIO ..... (0) 0

Palmeiras: Leao; Eurico, Baldocchi (Pereira), Nelson, De, Dudu, Ademir da Guia, Edu, Cesar (Pedato), Silvar, Pio.

Universitario: Ballesteros; Gonzalez, Cuellar, Chumpitaz, Salinas, Challe, Cruzado, Calatayud, Urrunaga (Uribe), Balletti, Ramirez.

NACIONAL ..... (2) 3
(Artime, Morales 2)
UNIVERSITARIO ..... (0) 0

Nacional: Manga; Blanco, Anchetta, Brunell, Mujica, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Esparrago, Prieto, Artime, Bareno (Morales).

Universitario: Ballesteros; Wolff (Calatayud), Gonzalez, Cuellar, Luna, Uribe, Cruzado, Soria, Mosente, Balletti, Ramirez (Urunaga).

NACIONAL ..... (1) 3
(Artime, Morales, Prieto)
PALMEIRAS ..... (1) 1
(Cesar)

Nacional: Manga; Blanco, Anchetta, Masnik, Mujica, Montero Castillo, Esparrago, Maneiro, Prieto, Artime, Morales.

Palmeiras: Leao; Eurico, Baldocchi, Nelson, De, Adhemir da Guia, Dudu, Edu, Cesar, Silva, Pio.

Final placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nacional	4	3	1	0	9	1	7
Palmeiras	4	2	0	2	6	7	4
Universitario	4	0	1	3	1	8	1

SEMI-FINAL — GROUP TWO

BARCELONA (Ecuador) ..... (0) 0
ESTUDIANTES (Argentina) ..... (1) 1
(Echecopar)

Barcelona: Alayon; Cardenas, Lecaro, Saldivia Mendez, Macias, Paes, Coronel, Alvarez (Munoz), Basurko, Spencer.

Estudiantes: Flores; Paganini, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina, Echecopar, Pachame, Flores (R.) Verde, Bedogni, Veron.

BARCELONA ..... (1) 1
(Spencer)
UNION ESPANOLA (Chile) ..... (0) 0
ESTUDIANTES ..... (0) 0
BARCELONA ..... (0) 1
(Basurko)

Estudiantes: Flores (G); Paganni, Aguirre Suarez, Spodaro (Aguilar), Medina, Pachame (Romeo), Togneri, Echecopar, Verde, Bedogni, Veron.

Barcelona: Phovo (J); Cardenas, Lecaro, Saldivia Mendez, Macias, Paes, Bolanos, Coronel (Hurtado), Munoz, Basurko, Spencer.

UNION ESPANOLA ..... (2) 3
(Farias, Gonzalez (O) 2)
BARCELONA ..... (0) 1
(Paes)

Union Espanola: Vallejos; Avendano, Rodriguez, Berly, Arias, Carvello (Pacheco), Farias, Gonzalez (A), Yavar, Gonzalez (O), Veliz.

Barcelona: Phovo (J) (Alayson); Cardenas, Lecaro, Saldivia Mendez, Macias, Paez, Coronel (Hurtado), Basurko, Spencer.

UNION ESPANOLA ..... (0) 0
ESTUDIANTES ..... (1) 1
(Berly og)

Union Espanola: Vallejos; Avendano, Rodriguez, Berly, Arias, Carvello (Pacheco), Farias, Gonzalez (A), Yavar, Gonzalez (O), Veliz.

Estudiantes: Flores (G) (Leone); Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina (Paganini), Pachame, Romeo, Echecopar, Rudzki, Verde, Veron.

ESTUDIANTES ..... (1) 2
(Rudzki, Veron)
UNION ESPANOLA ..... (1) 1
(Farias)

Estudiantes: Leonel Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina, Echecopar, Pachame, Romeo, Verde, Rudzki, Veron.

Union Espanola: Vallejos; Avendano, Rodriguez, Berly, Arias, Pacheco, Gonzalez (A), Farias, Gonzalez (O), Yavar, Veliz.

Final placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Estudiantes	4	3	0	1	4	2	6
Barcelona	4	2	0	2	3	4	4
Union Espanola	4	1	0	3	4	5	2

FINAL

ESTUDIANTES ..... (0) 1
(Romeo)
NACIONAL ..... (0) 0

Estudiantes: Leone; Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina, Echecopar, Pachame, Romeo, Verde, Rudzki (Bedogni), Veron.

Nacional: Manga; Blanco, Anchetta, Masnik, Mujica, Maneiro, Montero Castillo, Esparrago, Prieto, Artime, Morales.

NACIONAL ..... (1) 1
(Masnik)
ESTUDIANTES ..... (0) 0

Nacional: Manga; Ubinas, Anchetta, Masnik, Blanco, Esparrago, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Cubilla, Artime, Morales.

Estudiantes: Leone; Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina, Echecopar, Pachame, Romeo, Verde, Rudzki, Veron.

PLAY-OFF in LIMA (Peru)

ESTUDIANTES ..... (0) 0
NACIONAL ..... (1) 2
(Togneri og, Artime)

Estudiantes: Pezzano; Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Togneri, Medina, Echecopar, Pachame, Romeo, Verde, Rudzki, Veron (Bedogni).

Nacional: Manga; Ubinas, Anchetta, Masnik, Blanco, Esparrago, Montero Castillo, Maneiro (Mujica), Cubilla, Artime, Morales (Manelli).

DRESDEN ROMP HOME TO TITLE

CHAMPIONSHIP winners a month before the final games Dynamo Dresden finally ended their league campaign with a six-point advantage over runners-up FC Carl Zeiss Jena (formerly Motor Jena), the 1969–70 champions. Dynamo's last game—at home to Sachsenring Zwickau—pulled in 19,000 to see the discovery of the season, Hans-Jurgen Kreische, score twice in a 4-2 victory. Kreische, the Dynamo captain as well as the midfield general, was also the league's top scorer with 17 goals—two more than Zwickau's, Rentzsch, who was followed by Sparwasser (1st FC Magdeburg) and Peter Ducke of Carl Zeiss with 14 each.

The real interest on the last day centred around the relegation question where the issue stood wide open virtually until the final whistle. Chemie Leipzig go down exactly one year after their neighbours Lokomotive came up and who was to accompany them was finally settled on goal average. In their last few games Stahl Riesa staged a real comeback after being bottom and apparently booked for months and on the last day a 1-0 win at home over Hansa Rostock was enough to save them. With Wismut Aue and Rot-Weiss Erfurt they had 21 points from 26 games and the last named went down on decimals.

Real triumph

For Dynamo Dresden manager Walter Fritzsh the season was a real triumph. He had previously made something of a name for himself by steering unfashionable ASK Rostock into second place and had also brought Stahl Riesa up out of Division II before joining Dynamo.

Following up his first ever championship success came the FA Cup Final against Berliner FC Dynamo and a hard-fought 2-1 win after extra time. After a goal-less first half Klaus Sammer put Dresden ahead only for Johannsen to level matters four minutes later with a free-kick that brought extra time. Then in the 119th minute only seconds away from a replay it was Sammer again (who plays stopper centre-half) who popped up with the clincher!

Lokomotive Leipzig centre-forward Henning Frenzel had an indifferent season in the business of scoring goals but against Luxembourg in a European Championship match he earned his 48th full cap (an all-time record). This might stand for some time but Jurgen Noldner's 16 goals for the national team looks certain to be topped next season by Kreische, who already has 13 to his credit.

Hans-Jurgen Kreische in action for East Germany.

Legia throw away lead to Gornik

IN one of the most surprising reversals of form in the history of the game in Poland the Army club Legia Warsaw threw away what appeared to be an invincible lead. At the half-way mark (13 games) Legia were six clear points ahead of their long-standing foes Gornik Zabrze and shortly after the resumption following the winter break this was increased to seven. Then disaster struck with Legia unable to score goals and manager Edmund Zientara, formerly assistant-manager under the Czech coach Jaroslav Vejvoda, must have been at his wits' end.

With Gornik closing fast—picking up 14 points while Legia could only gather four from their last six matches—Legia suffered the indignity of losing 1-0 to Warsaw neighbours Gwardia. This defeat enabled Gwardia to get away from the bottom place in the table they had occupied for weeks and they finally escaped relegation.

Within the next ten days Legia crashed twice more, 1-0 in Krakow against Wisla and 0-2 at home to Gornik. Before this game the two clubs were level on points three games from home with all to play for but goals from Willim and Lubanski brought no response from Legia. Gornik went on to win the title by five clear points.

Atrocious luck

In the past Gornik have had atrocious luck on occasions, once even beating Legia three times (home and away and in the Cup Final) but losing the championship race to the Warsaw club. This time, however, it all went for Gornik, but in any class to recover from a seven-point leeway and finish five points clear is a major triumph.

With their tails up even the championship wasn't enough for the miners' club of Zabrze. Virtually a suburb of Kattowice they doubtless enjoyed seeing GKS Kattowice finally relegated while Gornik went on to complete a fantastic double by beating Zagleble Sosnowiec 3-1 in the FA Cup Final.

Goal average decides the champions

Bulgaria's star in Mexico, ace striker Bonev.

CSKA SOFIA, the Bulgarian Army team, looked at one time as if they were romping away with the league title but came badly unstuck in the last ten matches. Levski-Spartak, who had followed from a distance, took full advantage of CSKA's many lapses and pulled up to within two points on the last day of the campaign when the fixture makers had very sensibly cast a clash of the giants. Though CSKA had lost leeway they needed to be beaten by something like 9-0 to allow Levski-Spartak to take the title and this, of course, was never on. Levski won 1-0, watched by a capacity 50,000 crowd, with a second-half goal from Vesselinov.

Some weeks earlier Levski had beaten CSKA out of the FA Cup by seven goals to six though the score was really only 2-2. At the end of 90 minutes penalties are called for under Bulgarian Cup rules and while Levski scored all their five Dimiter Yakimov (of all people) allowed Levski goalkeeper Mikhailov to save his spot kick. Yakimov's consolation is, of course, another crack at the European Cup in which their best effort was to reach the semi-finals . . . and of course the top scorer's trophy. Like his club Yakimov started with a bang but found goals hard to come by later and finally ended with 26, five more than Kamenov (Botev Vratza) with Bonev, the star in Mexico, third on 19.

Classic

Three days after the Levski-CSKA classic, Levski-Spartak had another critical date, this time with Lokomotive Plovdiv (and Bonev) in the FA Cup Final, but this was not to be. The whole country ground to a halt when it was announced that Georgi Asparoukhov, "Goundi" to his fans, had been killed in a road accident. Driving to Vratza, Asparoukhov had his club-mate Nikola Kotkov in his car when they were in collision with a truck and both were killed instantly. Kotkov, 32 years old with 12 caps, was a popular figure, but "Goundi" was an idol and the news of his death drew thousands to the Vassil-Levski stadium to stand in silent grief. Thousands more followed the funeral cortège to the crematorium where a marble plaque bears a gold lettered memoriam: 245 games for Levski and 150 goals. Forty-nine games for Bulgaria and 19 goals. But those are just cold words and numbers; he will be sorely missed.

SPARTAK EARN THEIR DOUBLE

AS expected, champions Spartak Trnava completed a double when they finally played off the outstanding FA Cup Final against relegated Skoda Pilzen. In the semi-finals the Pilzen club had eliminated Sparta Prague's B (reserve) team then playing in Division II but relegated to the Third echelon at the end of the campaign. Even so, Skoda were more than a little fortunate to reach the final—drawing twice 1-1 and 3-3—and then after the statutory five penalties each had ended at 5-5, it was Pilzen that the luck went to.

Trnava, meanwhile, had virtually earned the Cup when they eliminated their Slovak neighbours, Slovan Bratislava, 2-0 at home and 0-1 away. In the final Trnava won both legs without stretching themselves, 2-1 away and a 5-1 canter at home.

Small town

Crowds at the final were meagre—2,000 in Pilzen and only 4,000 in Trnava, though Spartak Trnava, playing in a town with only 40,000 inhabitants, averaged more than 10,000 for their home league games, which is more than reasonable for a small town. Attendances everywhere were down with the overall average crowd only 6,687.

This apparent lack of interest has been blamed on the Czechs' poor showing in the Mexico World Cup but it does not entirely explain the situation satisfactorily.

The smallest crowd of the season was 431 for the Dukla-Trinec match at Juliska in Prague but the capital is devoted to the old firms, Sparta and Slavia, and notoriously anti-Dukla even when they were champions almost regularly in the '60s. Sparta for example topped this season's figures with an average gate of 14,824 but significantly they were pulling in a steady 24,000 three years ago.

The disappointments of Mexico and the wretched home draw with Finland (1-1) after the World Cup squad had all been suspended from the national team clearly contributed to the general dissatisfaction but it has been said repeatedly by Czech critics that the players (and presumably their managers) are satisfied to win by producing the minimum possible in terms of effort. This certainly seems to have been the case with Spartak Trnava, who had several disappointing results after they had made sure of the league title.

Player Portrait JOHAN CRUYFF by ERIC BATTY

ROVING, PROBING CENTRE-FORWARD OF AJAX

SINCE the introduction of professionalism in 1954 the standard of play in Holland has improved beyond the wildest hopes of the men who initiated the break away from the Royal Dutch FA and ultimately led to the acceptance of paid players. With Feyenoord and Ajax winning the European Club championship in successive years there can be no doubt now that the game in Holland has "arrived", and if one man personifies the new standards of Dutch soccer that man is surely Johan Cruyff. Weighing only 10 stone 7 lb. (67 kilos) he is one of the smallest of centre-forwards but anything he may lack in height and weight he more than makes up for with consummate skill.

Two excellent feet, intelligence and a superb sense of anticipation combine with really fast acceleration to make Cruyff the complete all-rounder; a roving, probing spearhead who gets far more than his share of goals and also plays a key role in creating many more chances for his colleagues. At 24 he is already an accomplished player for whom many a club in Italy and Spain would willingly pay £200,000 if they were once more allowed to engage foreign-born players but with experience and the maturity this brings he could well establish himself as the best centre-forward since Alfredo Di Stefano.

Born on April 25, 1947, Cruyff made his début for Ajax when he was 17 and began to seriously challenge for the place of the Dutch International Henk Groot in the 1965–66 campaign. The following season there was no keeping him out and almost overnight he had earned every major honour open to him in Dutch football. In that first full season 1966–67 Cruyff topped the scorers' list in the Dutch First Division with 33 goals (nine more than his closest challenger); helped Ajax to win the league—scoring 123 goals in 34 matches and the FA Cup in which they beat NAC Breda 2-1 in the final. Before that memorable season was over the Dutch introduced their "Footballer of the Year" trophy and awarding it to Cruyff that gave him a clean sweep.

Decisive

By that time Cruyff's performances had attracted attention throughout Europe, not the least spectacular being the decisive and exhilarating fashion in which he led Ajax to a European Cup victory over English champions Liverpool. The first leg in Holland was somewhat obscured by fog though with a 5-1 victory to their credit there was little doubting Ajax's superiority. Sweeping the ball from foot to foot the Dutchmen tore the big Liverpool defence—accustomed to defending their goal from high crosses—to ribbons and though Liverpool manager Bill Shankly swore revenge at Anfield, Cruyff played a decisive role in stifling Liverpool's attempted come-back before it got going.

Conducting

Under the Anfield lights all the skills of Cruyff were clearly seen. Not content to lie upfield like most centre-forwards, who at times appear to be marking the opposing centre-half, Cruyff dropped deep to gain possession of the ball at his feet. Beating a man or laying off a pass to a colleague and going looking for it back Cruyff played the vital part in conducting the Ajax attack and it was he who scored the first goal. After Liverpool had equalised it was Cruyff again who put the Dutch club into a 2-1 lead and though Liverpool pulled back another goal to draw 2-2 on the night they failed to make any impression on Ajax's lead and were eliminated.

From then on in the international arena Cruyff was a marked man. Only 19 years old he was singled out for special attention every time he played and quite frequently subjected to rough physical handling by opponents who realise there is no other way to stop him other than tripping and kicking.

Intimidated

There is a school of thought which believes that players like Cruyff, slight of build and short of inches, can be intimidated but if his body is small Cruyff has often been known to lose his temper and retaliate. The heart of the problem lies not with Cruyff, in whom frustration is clearly understandable, but inadequate refereeing which allows opponents too much laxity in their illegal attempts to stop him.

Dutch defenders are no less determined and ruthless in this respect than defenders of other nationalities though few have been able to stifle his talents completely as his goalscoring figures indicate. Six seasons of league football have brought him 142 goals and many more in Cup and international competitions but there have been few occasions when his talents have really been seen playing for Holland.

In spite of the rise in Dutch playing standards the performances of Holland in the big international tournaments have, to date, been unspectacular. Perhaps the brightest exhibition came in January 1970 when Cruyff and four other Ajax players helped Holland to a satisfying 0-0 draw with England at

Johan Cruyff . . . the brilliant centre forward of Ajax Amsterdam

Wembley in which the better chances were made by the Dutchmen who frequently opened up the England defence by playing the ball to feet . . . and playing football right into the England penalty area.

Very upset

But for Cruyff it is doubtful if his heart is ever really in any game for Holland. Though time will no doubt heal the wound, Johan was very upset by the KNVB in 1967 after he was sent off during a match between Holland and Czechoslovakia. I chanced to meet him the day after the KNVB Disciplinary committee had met and he was understandably very angry. He told me: "The referee's report stated that I hit him, but I never touched him. The FA saw the entire incident on a TV film and this was proved beyond doubt. But even though they admitted that the referee's report was untrue they still suspended me from playing for Holland for one year!"

FA grant right of appeal...

ONE can only applaud the FA's decision to allow those players suspended for life to appeal after a period of seven years, even if such a move by no means guarantees that the suspensions will be lifted.

For the FA has always been out of step with the majority of FIFA countries, many of whom do not entertain life suspensions at all, and certainly not without the right of appeal.

There has always been a strong argument that the severity of the sentences in Britain always acted as a deterrent, while in other countries such as Italy and West Germany—on a large scale only recently it appears—corruption remains rife.

But seven years is long enough to put all but the youngest players out of first division and international football for good, and even then, as FA secretary Denis Follows was quick to point out, there was no guarantee that the suspensions would automatically be lifted.

Although the FA did not say so specifically, their decision obviously offers hope to those ten players who were banned after an inquiry in 1965—among them England internationals Peter Swan and Tony Kay; another Sheffield Wednesday player, "Bronco" Layne; Esmond Million and Keith Williams of Bristol Rovers; and Brian Phillips, formerly Mansfield Town captain.

Peter Swan, who now runs a pub, is grateful for the chance the FA seem to be giving him to get back into football. "I don't know about whether I'm young enough," he said. "I'm 34 and I don't hide my age, but I've kept myself fit and I reckon that the month a professional footballer has before the start of the season would be enough for me to get myself back to tip-top condition. At least that's what I think . . . I only hope I get the chance to prove it.

Skoblar top scorer

Marseilles Olympique became French champions for the first time in 23 years when they beat Strasbourg 6-3 in the final match of the season. Marseilles, who had battled for supremacy throughout the campaign with St. Etienne, finally finished 4 points clear at the top of the table.

St. Etienne were beaten 2-1 away to Nantes in their final match, a repeat of the first match of the season in which Nantes beat St. Etienne 3-2.

Forty-two thousand people packed into the Marseilles stadium to see their team go 5-1 up at half-time and ace striker Josip Skoblar make sure of the European goal-scoring trophy with a hat-trick. Before the final matches Skoblar was level on 41 goals with St. Etienne forward Abdou Salif Keita, but Keita could only score once, a minute before the end, against Nantes, making his final total 42 against the 44 of Skoblar.

A soccer match in the town of Vicovaro, near to Rome, ended in tragedy when a disgruntled spectator shot and killed a linesman, wounded his friend and then hid inside a barricaded jail as crowds tried to storm the building and lynch him.

Police arrested a 45-year-old Sicilian worker, Calogero Cicero, and said he had given himself up after first trying to flee by hijacking a car at pistol point.

Trouble began when the opposing team, Licenza, scored a decisive second-half goal in a friendly match. A man went behind the home goal to insult the goalkeeper, and only stopped when ordered off by linesman Enrico Dante. Minutes later, Dante was hit on the back of the head by a stone. He turned to the crowd and shouted to the man to meet him in the square later to settle accounts.

An hour later, Dante (24) was found dying of pistol wounds in the square. A friend lay beside him wounded in the leg.

BENFICA AND INTER BACK IN THE FOLD

THE sight of unfancied Panathinaikos of Greece playing at Wembley for the coveted European Cup against—on the day—a not particularly impressive Ajax Amsterdam, has driven a number of soccer observers to the presumptuous conclusion that next season's Champions Cup should be easy to win—for a team like Arsenal, for example.

Nothing could be more misleading, for the forthcoming tournament will feature not only recent winners like Feyenoord, Celtic and Ajax, plus such experienced European campaigners as Standard Liege and Valencia (twice Fairs Cup winners) or the tough Germans from Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach and the well drilled Russian Army team ZSKA from Moscow, who both form currently the foundation of their respective national sides. Back into the limelight will above all step the two aristocrats of European football, Benfica and Inter-Milan.

The Portuguese, who won the Champions Cup in 1961 and 1962 and were runners-up in 1963, 1965 and 1968, have already appeared ten times in this contest. Here they boast the second best record (behind Real Madrid) of any club in Europe, having played 62 matches, winning 34, drawing 13, losing 15 and with a goal tally of 154-77. Recently, Benfica won the Portuguese League title for the 15th time and they also hold 16 FA Cups!

The "Eagles of Lisbon"—as they are called since the club's emblem consists of an eagle surmounting a wheel, because cycling was most popular when Benfica were founded on February 28, 1904—have been wrestling with problems similar to those of Real Madrid. Several stars from the glorious era of the '60s had been caught by advancing years and were eventually forced to give way to inexperienced youngsters.

The biggest gaps had been created by the retirement of their indomitable stopper Germano and the departure of the equally ageing midfield general Coluna. In fact, from the team which won the European Cup in 1962, or for that matter played in the 1965 final, only Eusebio and Simoes still command first team places.

It is actually Antonio Costa Simoes, now 26 years old, who has taken over the mantle of the great Mario Esteves Coluna, having moved into midfield—despite still wearing the No. 11 shirt—from where he launches Benfica's striking force. The redoubtable Eusebio has at last recovered completely from his knee injury, following a second operation last summer.

Inter Milan forward Boninsegna.

Hat-trick

Although he is often marked by two or even three men his speed off the mark enables Eusebio to score goals as of old, as he proved in last season's Cup Winners Cup-tie with Olimpija Ljubljana (Yugoslavia), when he hit five goals in Benfica's 8-1 triumph at home, and this included a hat-trick inside five minutes! Recently Eusebio again scored five times in the 6-0 Cup quarter-final win over Independiente (Angola).

Meanwhile he has acquired competition in the shape of his striking partner Artur Jorge. This student of medicine and former Academica Coimbra forward had to follow his military service and was rarely allowed full training periods because of being an officer. Since he was permitted to practice twice a week, Artur Jorge has also been finding the net more frequently. In the League championship he topped in fact the scorers' list with 23 goals, followed by Vitor Batista (Vitoria Setubal) on 22, and Eusebio who hit 21. This means that Artur Jorge and Eusebio have between them scored 44 out of the club's total of 62 goals.

Benfica's training and preparations are conducted by their English manager Jimmy Hagan and the club's former outside-right and now coach José Augusto. It appears that Hagan is not particularly popular with the players. This is not just because he makes them train hard for four hours every day. The main reason is that even after a year's service, Hagan has not learned the language and therefore lacks personal contact with the staff.

José Augusto enjoys a much closer relationship with the players, he knows their "lingo", their mentality and their problems. His pride and joy are three

BY ARTHUR ROTMIL

youngsters, all exactly 20 years old. First Nené, currently the best right-winger in the country and who was recently capped against Scotland. Next, Vitor Martins, a linkman and member of the Under-23 squad, and Diamantino, a utility forward hampered only by ... military service. The biggest favourite is Nené, whose tremendous sprinting and dribbling qualities remind José Augusto of his own glorious touch-line exploits.

Benfica's best defenders are right-back Malta da Silva, renowned for his upfield sorties *à la* Facchetti, and the pivot Humberto Coelho, who is only 21, but is already a full international and hailed as another Germano. In goal they still have José Henrique, whilst in midfield the experienced Jaime Graça and the coloured Toni have also looked impressive in recent games. Interesting to note that the Portuguese still scorn the use of a sweeper but favour the Brazilian style of four flexible defenders in a line.

They also confirmed their magnificent fighting spirit by coming from behind to clinch the championship. At the half-way stage Benfica were trailing six points behind the title holders and leaders Sporting Lisbon. With five games left, Benfica were still back in fourth place. But thanks to a crushing 5-1 victory over their fierce rivals, the Eagles dealt Sporting a moral KO and ran out worthy champions.

There is little doubt that Benfica are once again a force to be reckoned with and one capable of scaling the peaks of achievement.

Triumph

Internazionale of Milan have won their 11th "scudetto" (championship), and are now within two titles of Italy's record champions Juventus, who boast 13 victories. Their ultimate triumph was achieved with a remarkable finishing burst which coincided, or rather was precipitated by, the dismissal of their Parnguayan-born manager Heriberto Herrera.

After seven rounds Inter were trailing behind league leaders Napoli—who had just beaten them 2-1—by seven points! Then their former half-back Gianni Invernizzi took over and the final 23 games brought 17 wins, six draws, no defeats and yielded 40 points!

Inter's greatest triumphs had been achieved under another Herrera, the Franco-Argentinian, Helenio. In 1964 and 1965 they won the European Cup and also the world club championship. But then they lost the 1967 final to Celtic, which heralded the end of their reign as kings of Europe and indeed Italy, where their last title dated back to 1966. In the Merit Table of the Champions Cup, Inter are lying fifth—behind Real Madrid, Benfica, Manchester United and AC Milan—with this record:

P	W	D	L	F A
32	20	7	5	52-20

Benfica failed to do the "double" in Portugal and were beaten 4-1 in the final of the Portuguese Cup. Above: Sporting captain Jose Carlos receives the trophy from Portuguese President Americo Tomaz with Benfica captain Simoes in attendance.

Under Helenio Herrera the team perfected their famous style of "defend-and-counter". They boasted the first world class "sweeper" (*libero*) in the recently deceased Armando Picchi and also introduced the now widely copied overlapping full-back in Giacinto Facchetti. After several lean years it appears that now, especially since the 39-year-old Invernizzi has been in charge, they have gradually tended to use three strikers—Mazzola, Boninsegna and Jair—which in the defensive-minded Italian League is highly unusual, not to say revolutionary!

Experienced

Of course, most managers are only as good as their players. Fortunately for Invernizzi, Inter have some very good players. For a start they can rely on perhaps the most experienced number of men of any champion team in Europe. Six current first-teamers starred in that gloriously successful side in the '60s, namely Burgnich, Facchetti, Bedin, Jair, Mazzola and Corso.

In addition, the club provided six players for Italy's 22-strong World Cup squad in Mexico: Vieri, Burgnich, Facchetti, Bertini, Mazzola and Boninsegna. Of those, no fewer than five played in the final against Brazil: Burgnich, Facchetti, Bertini, Mazzola and Boninsegna.

But the most startling return to form this season was demonstrated by Mario Corso (30), their longest-serving player who joined Inter in 1958. He has taken over the role of the club's former mid-field general, the Spaniard Luis Suarez. Corso is supported by Mario Bertini (27), Gianfranco Bedin (25), or the promising Bernardino Fabbian (21).

In defence there are newcomers like the stopper Mario Giubertoni (25) and right-back Mario Bellugi (21), who assist those two redoubtable stalwarts Tarcisio Burgnich (32), who has frequently acted as *libero*, and Giacinto Facchetti (29). In goal they have Lido Vieri (31), who will hand over to the talented Ivano Bordon, who is only 20, and is destined to become a worthy successor to the famous Giuliano Sarti.

Inter's fire power is provided by the striking trio of the Brazilian Jair da Costa (30), an orthodox winger with brilliant ball control and already nine years with the club; Sandro Mazzola (28), the son of the immortal Valentin of Torino, a world class inside- or centre-forward with quick acceleration, excellent dribbling technique and lethal shot, and finally Roberto Boninsegna (26), who arrived here in 1969 from Cagliari, in exchange for Domenghini.

Qualities

Strong and clever, Boninsegna became top scorer in the League with 24 goals this past season—a figure which in view of the defensive qualities of most Italian teams is quite remarkable, even though this total includes eight penalties, and he didn't miss one!

The previous year Roberto was also Inter's leading scorer with 13 goals, but finished behind his former team-mate Riva, who then topped the list with 21. Many experts claim that Inter's recent successes have been primarily due to the brilliant exploits of Boninsegna. Swedish-born Nils Liedholm, the former AC Milan star and until recently manager of Varese, says that Roberto has the same courage and nose for goals as the great German Gerd Müller.

NORMAN CUTLER in the Balearic Isles

THE STRANGE DECLINE OF REAL MALLORCA

STORY of the year in the Balearic Isles is the strange decline of Real Mallorca ... relegated from the First Division on goal average last season and odds-on favourites to return immediately.

The club, founded in 1916, rose to fame when between 1958-60, under the management of Juan Carlos Lorenzo, of Argentine and Italy "fame" (Remember the Street Battle of Rome and the Rattin affaire at Wembley 1966?) when they moved from the third to first division in two seasons. Triumphs were anything but isolated, for in 1962-63 they beat Real Madrid 5-2 (their biggest defeat for 16 years) Atletico Madrid 4-0, Bilbao and Seville 1-0, Zaragoza 2-1 and Barcelona 2-0. Impressive results!

During the succeeding ten years they were in the first division for five, relegated three times and promoted twice. They became known as "Unlucky Mallorca" and the "best of all teams fighting to gain a permanent place among the great and fashionable clubs"

Favourites

Their unexpected fate during the season just ended—seventh—was brought about by the strangest set of circumstances. Four to one on favourites to win the second division championship, they started off with three defeats in four games ... and were firmly set at the bottom of the league. President Guillermo Ginard (now ex-President) quickly saw their weakness and secured the transfer of the famous, though ageing, Barcelona inside-forward, Jesus Pereda ... joint-hero of Spain's great victory over Russia in the Nations Cup final of 1964, to help their lone star goalscoring international, Ernesto Dominguez.

The transformation was incredible. It happened overnight. Of the next 22 games Mallorca lost only twice ... won nine, drew 11 ... including a remarkable run of one defeat in 17 games. Their impressive performances rocketed them to second position in the league.

Expert

At this point, March 3, a strange rumour arose. It was started by one of Mallorca's better known players—incidentally a player's rights expert—who categorically declared to a bank manager, a lawyer and an accountant that ... "Real Mallorca will not gain promotion this season." (It was surely rather early to make such a forecast?) Not unnaturally the rumour spread, and within hours it became the talking point of the island. Promotion this season? was the chief discussion in bars, streets, shops ... everywhere football was discussed. The directors, rightly confident (at that time there was no reason to be anything else), brushed it aside as gossip.

But from that moment, the exact date was March 3, the rot set in. Of the remaining 12 games, when normal home results would have given them promotion, Real Mallorca won only two, drew five and lost five. They dropped three vital points at home and failed to beat all five clubs struggling to avoid relegation. In 11 of those last 12 games that followed that strange statement and wave of, Mallorca's forwards, which included three full internationals and an Under-23 star, scored only four goals (ten against, including a three). And during the season they drew 16 games ... 8 (seven away) 0-0, 7 (four away) 1-1, and one at home 2-2.

Coincidence

What caused the sensational decline? Why did it begin following the curious forecast? Was it a coincidence? Or ...?

It is true their flamboyant whizz-kid president, D. Guillermo Ginard, mysteriously resigned for "personal reasons" but the directors carried on his previously proven policy. There was no appreciable criticism of the manager, Juan Forneris nor any epidemic of injuries.

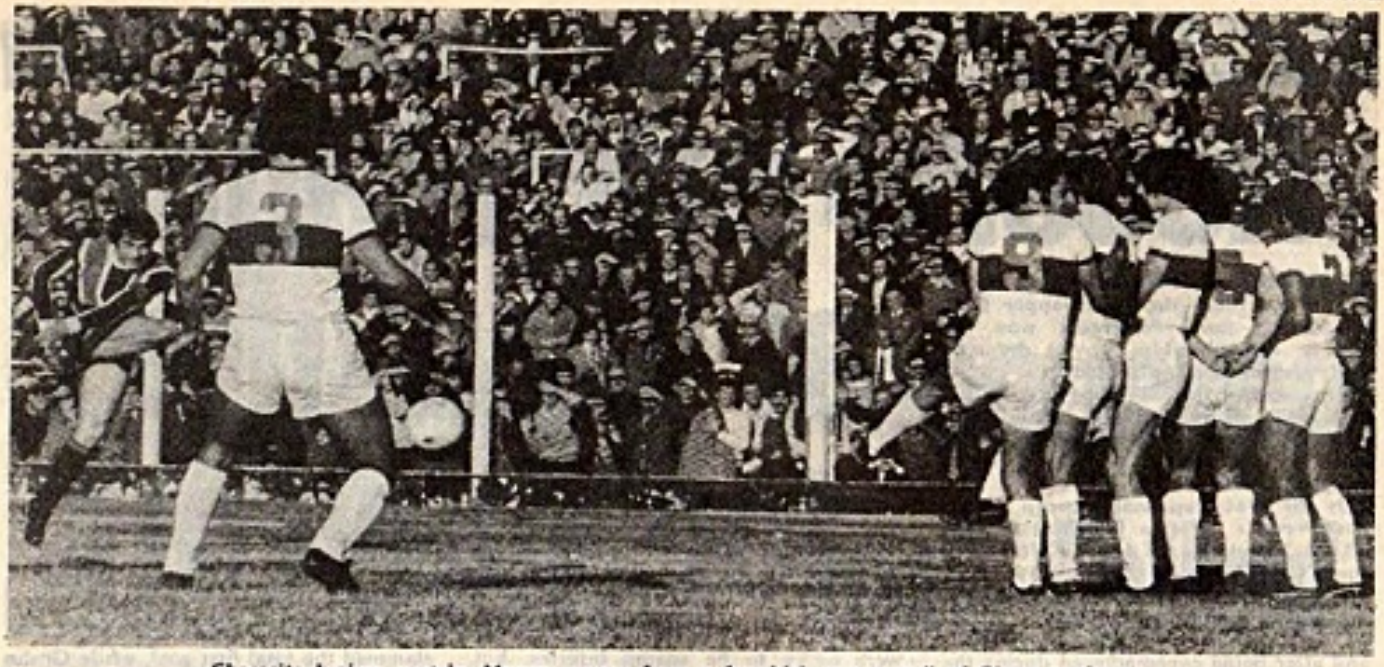
What went wrong, or who upset the apple cart? Psychiatrists and super-technical experts might be able to find the answer ... but I can't, although I could make a mighty close guess.

Changes

The present board have been in office for nearly three years and have done pretty well. They've tried only three managers (Rodriques, Barinaga and Forneris)! But between 1960 and 1967 there were 15 managerial changes and eight different presidents. Is that the reason ... fear of failure?

One thing is certain. Real Mallorca lost the biggest-ever chance of promotion, because four teams go up under the First Division Enlargement Plan. Next season they will find the going much harder. Only two up and rivals like Zaragoza and Elche (relegated) and the riding-high Ray Vallecano, Castellon and St. Andres, promises no easy passage.

Real Mallorca: back row left to right: Alarcia, Munoz, Mariano, Puig, Benegas, Martinez. Front row: Moya, Reina, Caceres, Pereda, Rossello.



Chacarita Juniors captain, Marcos, scores from a free-kick past a wall of Platense players.

Chacarita Juniors still at the top

LITTLE Chacarita Juniors, who had already caused quite a sensation by winning the Metropolitan First Division Championship two years ago, are still at the top as this season's championship goes past the half-way stage — which makes nonsense of the general prediction that in this strenuous tournament (with mid-week games almost every other week) the smaller clubs, with their smaller playing staffs, would not be able to stand the pace. Newly-promoted FC Oeste, another club with a small playing staff, well-handled by coach Mario Imbellone, are also still keeping up with the leaders.

Meanwhile River Plate, one of Argentina's biggest and most popular clubs, commonly known as "Los Millionarios", have dropped from first place after only picking up five points from their last six games during the last month. Brazilian coach, Waldir Pereyra "Didi's jogo bonito" (beautiful play), which has helped to improve not only River Plate's but Argentine football as a whole, isn't to blame.

As the season advances, River Plate's obsession with winning the title after so many near misses in recent years, has made the players more conscious of winning than playing good soccer and they tend to forsake the style they imposed. Unless they can get back to it, they may have to be satisfied with being runners-up yet again. The intense pressure put on the players by club board and fans, coupled with promised big bonuses, may be to blame.

San Lorenzo, now nicknamed "los matadores" (the killers) are leading scorers and could hit the hundred-mark this season as well as becoming champions, while leading individual scorer is Obberti (Newell's Old Boys) with 19, followed by Bianchi (Velez Sarsfield) with 17.

International

Independiente, last year's Metropolitan champions, three points from the top with a game in hand, also have a chance of retaining their title as they have overcome the loss of international forwards Yazalde, Tarabini and Bernao (all transferred before the season to get much needed cash) remarkably well, but they rely heavily on their outstanding halves, Pastoriza and Raimondo.

But Estudiantes de La Plata, the provincial club which accomplished the great feat of reaching the South American Cup final for the fourth time running this season, are firmly entrenched at the bottom of the table, three points behind the next club.

Relegation for South American Cup finalists in the same season would indeed be unusual, but they have a tough fight on their hands—even though they have four games in hand and the FA, under pressure from the clubs, has reduced the number to be relegated this season from four to two.

Metropolitan First Division Standings

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Chacarita Juniors	21	12	5	4	31	19	29
San Lorenzo	21	11	5	5	50	30	27
Newell's Old Boys (Rosario)	21	11	5	5	45	31	27
River Plate	21	11	5	5	44	31	27
Valez Sarsfield	21	9	9	3	40	28	27
Independiente	20	9	8	3	36	17	26
FC Oeste	20	9	5	6	30	27	23
Gimnasia y Esg. (La Plata)	20	6	10	4	26	28	22
Colon de Santa Fe	21	6	7	8	37	42	19
Boca Juniors	20	8	2	10	33	34	18
Racing Club	21	5	8	8	37	43	18
Banfield	20	5	8	7	23	30	18
Los Andes	20	7	4	9	24	34	18
Rosario Central	20	4	9	7	30	31	17
Argentinos Jun.	20	5	7	8	28	35	17
Huracan	20	5	6	9	19	32	16
Atlanta	20	5	4	11	27	36	14
Platense	21	3	6	12	27	48	12
Estud. de La Plata	16	3	3	10	19	32	9

ARTHUR ROTMIL reports on the climax of the Swiss Championship

Record attendance at Wankdorf for play-off

SWITZERLAND'S most successful side of all time—the Grasshopper Club of Zürich—have deservedly won the League championship, after a dramatic and magnificently disputed play-off at Berne, against the defending holders FC Basle. The figure of 51,000 paying spectators at the Wankdorf stadium represents a new record attendance for a League match in this country. In fact, only the 1966 Cup final between Zürich and Servette drew a higher gate with 53,440. Thanks to the 4-3 win after extra time, GC now boast a record 16 championship titles and also claim the highest number of Cup victories, namely 13.

And so, after an interval of 15 years and after being overshadowed during the past decade by their fierce local rivals the FC Zürich, the "Blue-and-whites" are once again celebrating a major title. Founded in 1886, Grasshoppers achieved their previous 15 league wins between 1898 and 1956 and their 13 Cup triumphs between 1926 and 1956. Their history includes no fewer than six "doubles" (!) in 1927, 1937, 1942, 1943, 1952 and 1956.

And they not only boast a record number of League and Cup wins and "doubles", but can also point to the highest figure of international caps with 716. GC have been playing in the National League since its foundation in 1933, except for two seasons from 1949–51. The recently elected club president is Dr. Josef Outry, while their football section has 850 members.

The man responsible for the team's championship triumph is coach René Hüssy, who was appointed at the start of the season. Despite the comparatively high average age — 25 — Grasshoppers used only 15 players in the 27 league games (including the play-off). They were lucky to be spared injuries, but even apart from the obvious advantage of keeping the same side together for most of the season, Hüssy's main recipe for success has been team-work. He managed to rebuild the side and gave it a definite style. Its strength lies in the even balance in all departments which form a well-knit unit.

Individuals

If one were to pick out any outstanding individuals then the choice must fall on the two foreigners at inside-forward: the Germain Rainer Ohlhauser (ex-Bayern Munich), whose style resembles that of Martin Peters, and the Swedish World Cup star Ove Grahn, who as a striker hit 16 goals (before the play-off) to finish joint second highest scorer in the National League A.

These two were GC's best men in the decisive play-off, when Ohlhauser slammed the vital first goal, while Grahn scored twice to clinch the title. Other GC stars include the captain and international stopper Roland Citherlet, forward Peter Meier, who hit the fourth goal, and René Deck, the goalkeeper with the longest kick in the country.

This was the third play-off in the history of the National League. In 1941–42, Grasshoppers drew with Grenchen twice, 0-0 and 1-1, to claim the title on goal average. Three years ago Zürich were the winners, after winning the final pool against two rivals, Lugano and ... Grasshoppers. Now, Zürich, who cannot stomach their neighbour's return to glory, are frantically seeking means to topple them next season.

Their first move has been the engagement of the 33-year-old German international Friedhelm "Timo" Konietzka. The former Borussia Dortmund and 1860 Munich forward and a prolific scorer arrived here in 1967 to join Winterthur, who were then in the B-League. Konietzka has now signed a two-year contract with FCZ as player-manager and he replaces coach Juan Schwanner.

German crowds up

WHILST England has experienced a considerable slump in attendances (in the First Division alone, 2,000 fans fewer per match) the German Bundesliga reports a gain of nearly 349,000 spectators, as compared with last year. A milder winter sharply reduced the number of postponements which plagued last season's programme, plus the exciting battles at the top as well as bottom end of the table, till the last day—all these factors contributed to the improvement in gates. This can be seen from these figures since the creation of the National League:

	Total	Average
1963/64	6,017,890	25,074
1964/65	6,141,935	25,591
1965/66	7,361,224	24,055
1966/67	7,005,417	22,893
1967/68	6,120,000	20,000
1968/69	6,459,259	21,109
1969/70	5,876,967	19,206
1970/71	6,225,855	20,345

Highest attendance: Hertha Berlin v. Cologne 86,113, whilst the lowest was Rotweiss Essen v. Hamburger SV 4,356. For the third year running, Hertha drew more than 700,000 fans to their 17 home games. The exact figure of 746,410 gave them an average of 43,906 fans per match, followed by Arminia Bielefeld 407,079—average 23,956 and Hannover 400,504—average 23,559.

For the first time in the history of the Bundesliga, a midfield linkman became top scorer. Lothar Kobluhn, 28 years old, who plays for Rotweiss Oberhausen—who were nearly relegated (!)—hit 24 goals to take over from Gerd Müller, whose suspension may have cost him the title of the "Torschützenkönig". Müller shared second place with Vogt of Kaiserslautern, both having scored 22 goals.

ANDREW DETTRE on the FA tour of Australia

They came, conquered but failed to impress

Australian international winger Attila Abonyi (left) and English FA full back Derek Parkin in the Sydney match, won by the FA 1-0.

IT'S pretty hard to find fault with a team that wins nine matches straight. This, people say, is what football is all about. Not quite. Once it also used to be a bit of entertainment, a dash of colour, almost an expression of art.

No team that I have ever seen has managed to kill this old notion more thoroughly about soccer than the FA XI that finished its Australian tour at the end of June. They did win all their matches, scoring 34 goals in the process and conceding only two—but this is all they really did. In a tough, efficient, tradesman-like fashion. Without entertainment, colour and art.

Many Australian fans had half expected this to happen. After all, the English team first announced for the tour looked a fairly unexciting lot, with only Bailey, Marsh, Parkin and Macdonald providing some small measure of glamour. Then, to make things worse, all these players dropped out of the team, to be replaced by others who, while undoubtedly accomplished professionals, were totally unknown to the Australian public.

Regrettably, all the premonitions proved to be correct. The team, under the coaching of Ron Suart and Wilf McGuiness, turned on the dullest, drabbest, dreariest displays one can imagine. Whenever they met strong opposition, as against New South Wales in Sydney and against Australia, once in Sydney and once in Melbourne, they won merely because they were the physically stronger, fitter and faster of the two teams. However, in these matches anyway, against part-timers, the FA were held to narrow 1-0 wins.

In the other State capitals, against much weaker opposition, they scored more freely. However, even there they failed to gain many friends for their style of football and displayed not a thing we had not seen before

Accomplished players

Mind you, in all fairness to the English team, it must be admitted that they all looked the part: First and Second Division professionals. Without exception they were accomplished players, immensely fit and reasonably skilled. But in none of their matches did they allow even a touch of colour to ruin their machine-like performance.

The players who caught the eye of spectators the most were the bustling, overlapping Nottingham full-back Peter Hindley, the Luton mid-fielder Mike Keen and the young left-winger Chris Garland. However, none of them really stood out; it's hard to accept the pre-tour publicity statement that Sir Alf's future England team will draw heavily on these players.

It came as no surprise that even from a financial viewpoint the tour was a near-flop. Neither of the two matches in Sydney attracted even 20,000 spectators while in other cities the crowds were understandably even lower. A few years ago Everton and Manchester United packed the grounds to capacity—but then again, they came here with star-studded teams.

It is doubtful if the Australian Federation will have learned anything from the lesson. They still invite teams to Australia in the most haphazard fashion, not bothering to ensure that those teams come with full complements. To invite an FA team is in itself a folly; such teams are by necessity hybrids made up by volunteers available from their clubs.

Marathon

This nine-match marathon was hoped to produce a clear and healthy profit from which the Australian national team could have been sent on a world tour in 1972. This, of course, failed to materialise and as a result, all plans for next year are up in the air.

The Australian team, in its two matches against the FA XI, was also a disappointment. The same players that can look so promising against European or Asian opponents were outclassed—merely because of their inferior physical qualities. An undoubted blow was the absence of John Warren, the Australian captain who is recovering from a cartilage operation and had to miss both matches. But even with Warren's midfield inspiration, Australia would have had an uphill struggle against the frightfully efficient, strong and fast Englishmen.

Special tournament

Australia's chance to make amends will now have to wait until October when a special tournament will be held for countries in the Oceania region in the French-held island of New Caledonia. There, against New Zealand, Fiji and the hosts, Australia is certain to rule the roost again, being the biggest fish in a miniscule pond....

The FA team's wins in Australia: v. NSW 1-0 (Sydney); v. North NSW 3-0 (Newcastle); v. Victoria 3-1 (Melbourne); v. Tasmania 8-0 (Hobart); v. Australia 1-0 (Sydney); v. Queensland 6-0 (Brisbane); v. Australia 1-0 (Melbourne); v. South Australia 5-0 (Adelaide); v. West Australia 6-1 (Perth).

Back from a short visit to Bucharest BRIAN GLANVIL

WAGES MUST INCREASE IN THE FUTURE

RUMANIAN football, to exhume a cliché, is at the crossroads, neither fish nor fowl, neither amateur nor professional, and suffering accordingly. More exactly, the players, at least of the leading clubs, tend to be treated like professionals, and paid like amateurs. The same problem has long been evident in Hungarian and Czech football, each of which has suffered appallingly in consequence. Rumanian football, slower to reach a comparable level and to throw up major stars, has reached its present crisis at a later stage, but when I was recently in Bucharest, there were already signs that the Federation was aware of it, and was going to take the first, major step of liberalising salaries.

The fiction of amateurism in Rumania has worn so thin that it practically disintegrates between one's figures; just as it does in most of the Iron Curtain countries, not least in Russia, greatest hypocrite of all. Not only do these supposed amateurs find themselves playing, on average, twice a week, but they are also obliged to go into training camps.

Mircea Lucescu, captain of the Rumanian World Cup team, a handsome, fluent, sensitive polyglot, makes no bones about how much he hates these *cantonments*, in which Dinamo Bucharest, his own club, so frequently indulges. "We have too many of them," he complained to me. "We are going into *ritiro* all the time; it's the Italian fashion. To me, going into it is like a pain. I think it would be better to give it up, because the players come to the match worn out because of all these *cantonments*."

The gifted Florea Dumitrache.

Events in Bucharest, while I was there, seemed to bear him out. Dinamo at the time were running strongly for the Championship and were in the semi-finals of the Cup. With a team which also includes Dinu, the new captain of the national side, Dumitrache and Nunweiller VI, they were held to a draw by their local rivals, Rapid—a match I saw—lost their next League match, at home to a lowly placed team, then crashed 1-0 at home in the first leg of the semi-finals, to a Second Division side!

Reserve players

The wage differential, meanwhile, is absurdly small. Lucescu pointed out that Dinamo's reserve players earn only 200 ley a month—about £5—less than the first team. His own earnings work out at approximately 6,000 ley (roughly £145) a month, of which some 2,500 would be match bonuses—a player with a less consistently successful club would make substantially less. It should be remembered, however, that Lucescu has a part-time job in the Ministry of Interior, and that all his colleagues at Dinamo would have some other source of income. Nevertheless, it must be galling for a star coveted by Brazilian clubs, as Lucescu was, to do so much for so relatively little.

LE discusses the problems facing the game in Rumania

Clearly he thinks this is what lies behind the disappointing performances of Rumania's best known and probably most gifted player, Florea Dumitrache. When I saw the blond centre-forward play against Rapid, he had two or three dazzling runs, when his control, acceleration and balance were in evidence, and it was his header against a post which allowed Lucescu to equalise for Dinamo; but his contribution was no more than sporadic.

Virtuoso

Some critics excuse this on the grounds that you cannot expect such a virtuoso to produce his virtuosities consistently (what about Cruyff, one asked?); others point to his relatively meagre physique. Lucescu may perhaps be nearer the mark when he says: "Dumitrache isn't interested in preparing himself better when he earns the same as everybody else. But I think that next year everything will be different. The Federation has already taken steps."

The trouble is that there seem to be only two incentives for a professional footballer; whether or not his professionalism be acknowledged; hunger or greed. Between the wars, in the depression years, football here was a way out of the pits and the dole queue; now it's a way to quick prosperity. The Rumanians may just about have passed the former stage, as their economy improves, but they have not yet reached the latter.

Orthodox

The level of the football I saw was technically excellent, tactically less sophisticated. Dinamo did not play a true *catenaccio*, since Nunweiller III operated most of the time as an orthodox stopper, with Dinu, allegedly a back four man, pushing up into midfield, but they frequently left Dumitrache and Lucescu to fend for themselves, upfield.

Poor Nunweiller, one of that infinite legion of footballing brothers, was badly injured late in the game in a collision with the opposing right-back, Pop, running on into the area when he had no chance of getting the ball. We had, then, the curious sight of several Dinamo players, thinking Nunweiller's leg was broken (it was not) covering their faces with their hands, as though they'd been struck. In fact, they were crying.

Strange, too, was the decision of an otherwise impressive Bulgarian referee (the Rumanian clubs demanded them) in deciding after a long hiatus to send Pop off, when the gravity of the injury had become plain.

This occasion was a double header, each match a local derby, for before the Dinamo-Rapid game, Progressul, fighting relegation, played the Army side, Steaua, in an entertaining match of roughly Second Division standard.

That, too, was more or less the level of the game I saw in Costanza, four days later, when the local side, Farul, lying third in the League, lost 2-0 at home to UT Arad, last season's champions, and conquerors of Feyenoord in the European Cup.

Arad, immensely the better organised side, made no bones about their *catenaccio*, neatly applied with a resourceful, 38-year-old sweeper, but Farul's defensive tactics were extraordinary. It was *catenaccio* with a sweeper, but without a second centre-half, so that they at one and the same time disqualified themselves from putting the opposing attack offside, or from throwing one of their twin centre-halves up into attack.

Moreover, their *catenaccio* did not even function in its most elementary and basic sense, in terms of cutting out the through ball. Twice in the first half they were breached, and on the second occasion, Flaviu Domide, the Arad inside-left, coolly ran on to beat a frantically charging goalkeeper.

Energetic

What a good player this Domide is! Red haired, slim, 24 years old, energetic, beautifully balanced, he played as a striker, but was just as good a link-man. He wandered about, finding space, taking up good positions, pulling the defence wide, beat his man confidently, chased back when he lost the ball, and rolled a succulent variety of cunningly timed passes to his colleagues. The other goal, to complete Farul's disastrous afternoon, was scored by one of their own defenders.

Having lost away to the Czechs by the only goal in Bratislava, Rumania's hopes of qualifying for the European Championship quarter-finals rest on the coming return in Bucharest. They could do it, if Dumitrache has one of his days, for they went down only in the 88th minute in the first game. But they should also think about Domide, so disappointed at not playing while he was in Mexico that he allegedly swore he could never represent his country again.

It would be politic, now, to bury the hatchet.

Rumania's World Cup captain, Mircea Lucescu.

Tourists are impressed

READERS may remember that WORLD SOCCER published an article a short while ago concerning the upsurge of interest and standards obtained in New Zealand. This new found strength, achieved mainly through the formation of a National League for the first time, was just in its infancy when the article appeared but according to Trevor Morris, manager of the Welsh FA Touring side which has been playing in the Rickety Isles this summer, standards are still on the "Up and up".

Trevor, former manager of English Third Division club Swansea City (then Town) and a well-respected official in English and Welsh soccer circles, was reported to be genuinely surprised with what the tourists encountered on their trip.

"There seems to be an upsurge of interest in football in New Zealand and it has helped make the players fit and enthusiastic," he said. "They have developed strong defensive patterns."

Though that last quote isn't particularly encouraging it is nevertheless comforting to have confirmation that this game of ours is flourishing in a land which was predominantly a Rugby Union stronghold.

Sweden's Krister Kristenson who was booked by the referee against Denmark.

Germans thrash Norway in Oslo

IN a month centred on Scandinavia, West Germany embarked on a three-match tour and gave Norway a thrashing: Sweden disposed of Denmark, and gave Italy their sternest test in a competitive match since the 1970 World Cup.

Even with Ove Kindvall returned from Feyenoord, Sweden did not do themselves justice. Although they put a lot of pressure on the Italian defence, it was the sort of pressure that comes from speculative passes, not from cool, constructive play.

Italy in fact gave Sweden a lesson in tactics, for Sandro Mazzola had a marvellous match in midfield, the puppet-master jerking the strings to make the Swedes dance. His range of vision, his opportunism and his surging runs to the front kept Sweden constantly on tenter-hooks, wondering what he was going to do next.

We even saw Mazzola perform one of those prodigious tricks of his, the sleight of foot that leaves even the best defender baffled. In the 22nd minute Domenghini reached him with an indifferent, ranging pass, that left Mazzola with his back to the defence as he had to move deeper to collect the ball. But as two Swedes converged on him from behind, he back-heeled the ball with the outside of his foot, sweeping it with such finesse that the delicate angle caught them both unawares; the pass bisected them beautifully and rolled straight to the feet of Prati, unmarked on the left wing.

Slow defence

Unfortunately Italy's two strikers, Prati and Boninsegna, lacked the decisiveness to beat Sweden's slow defence, and even when they got past a man they found Ronnie Hellstrom in the Swedish goal in particularly fine form. Only in the opening minutes of the second half did Italy look like scoring, and then they still could not finish in the penalty area. Without Riva, they are like an archer without his best arrow.

Kindvall got no change at all out of the Italian defence, and in fact went off with an injury, just as he had in the World Cup. Jan Olsson replaced him, but no amount of substitutes could give Sweden revenge for their one-nil defeat in Mexico.

So Italy look certain to qualify from Group Six of the European Championship, leaving Sweden with the consoling thought that they are, at least, still the dominant country in Scandinavia. Any idea that Denmark, reinforced by their emigrant professionals, might now run them close were swiftly dispelled a few days later when Sweden won 3-1 in Copenhagen.

Silenced

A crowd of 50,900 turned out at the Idraetsparken to see the match, but they were swiftly silenced when Ove Grahn put Sweden ahead with a spectacular shot after only five minutes' play. Sweden continued to dominate the match with some intricate passing, switching the point of attack in fine style, and it was no surprise when Ove Eklund added a second goal after 25 minutes.

Denmark revived momentarily when Kresten Bjerre, their captain recalled from the Belgian club, Racing White, scored from close range in the 36th minute following a rather fortuitous rebound. But Larsson and Svensson continued to dominate midfield, and Sweden went 3-1 ahead just before half-time when Grahn tried another speculative long shot which the Morton keeper Erik Soerensen badly misjudged.

Although there were no more goals in the second period, the match was notable for a succession of "professional" fouls which the Danish crowd cannot have seen for many a long while. Eventually the German referee Walter Eschweiler had to send off the Danish full-back Torben Nielsen for blatantly kicking Eklund. He also booked two Swedes, Krister Kristenson and Roland Grip, while the Danish substitute, Fleming Peterson, came on just long enough for his name to go in the little black book as well.

Kindvall once again did not produce the form he had shown in Holland. He was evidently feeling the strain of a long, hard season with Feyenoord, for Sven Lindmann took his place in the Swedish side 11 minutes from time.

Norway, meanwhile, went through one of the worst fortnights in their history, when their international side conceded 11 goals in two successive home matches. First to win by a big margin in Oslo were Bulgaria, one of their opponents in Group Two of the European Championship. The Bulgars won 4-1, all their goals coming in a 16-minute spell during the first half. Hristo Bonev put them ahead after 26 minutes. Peter Zhekov got the second after Kasperson had failed to hold a shot, Vassilev the third, and Bonev the fourth from the penalty spot.

Bottom place

Odd Iversen scored for Norway in the last ten minutes, but this could do nothing to help them off bottom place in their group, while Bulgaria's victory took them to the top, two points ahead of France and Hungary.

After Bulgaria, came West Germany—and they proceeded to put seven past the Norwegian defence. Gerd Muller, whose suspension was reduced by a West German FA preoccupied by other disciplinary matters on a bigger scale, scored two goals, and Sigi Held two more.

International Post-Mortem by Roger Macdonald

There was a familiar ring about the remaining West German scorers—Wolfgang Overath, Franz Beckenbauer and Gunter Netzer. Germany led 3-0 at half-time, seven-nil after 88 minutes, when Iversen popped up again to score what might in other circumstances have been termed a consolation goal.

In a European Championship match, Russia thrashed Cyprus 6-1, despite missing a penalty. Banishevski was the culprit, but by this time Fedotov and Yevruzhekhin had put Russia two up, and Yevruzhekhin scored another goal before the interval. Fedotov, Kolotov and Banishevsky scored further goals to put the Russians at the top of their group with 11 goals and six points from three games—although they have still to take on Northern Ireland, home and away.

In Athens, Greece beat Malta 2-0 in England's Group, a match almost irrelevant now that only Switzerland or England can qualify. Still it served as a reminder that Greece can play spectacularly badly and still win at home, as they did against a Maltese side for whom a 2-0 away defeat was almost a triumph. Only 12,000 bothered to watch the match, and Greece took an hour to break through the Maltese defence. Both goals came from close range, a shot by Davourlis, a header from Aidiniou.

Finally news of a match in which Argentina beat Chile 7-3 that won't get into the record books. In fact the game was between Esperanza and O'Higgins, which in case you didn't know, are two air force bases in the Antarctic. The game was played in a temperature of 10 degrees below freezing point, quite mild I'm told for the time of year, with only six men in each team, because the pitch was too small for a full-scale match. And the spectators found a new substitute for toilet rolls: they threw snowballs. . .

PLAYERS' ASSOCIATION OUTLINES ITS PLANS

PERHAPS, in the midst of falling attendances and the late-season revival of the Northern Ireland international team in the Home Championship series, the major event in local football last season was the formation—or rather re-formation—of a Professional Footballers' Association and the subsequent 14-point plan they put before the legislators recently.

When it was revealed mid-way through last season that a group of players were trying to re-establish the Association—it had had a brief lifespan some 12 or so years ago but died the death through lack of proper control and a general apathy on the part of potential members—there were many sceptics in the game who forecast another failure. Those officials who gave it a fighting chance feared a spate of unreasonable wage claims and outlandish demands. All round the Association was born under a cloud.

Yet its remarkable success, tempered with much wisdom on the part of officials—chairman Sammy Pavis of Crusaders and secretary Sammy Kydd of Coleraine especially—could, in the long term, be the saving of the game here.

Well-constructed

Their proposals are reasonable, well-constructed and in no way to be feared. Indeed, they are all obvious improvements needed in the local game. That the Association has asked for an increase in pay is also, considering the miserable sum they get at present, quite justified. There is, in short, much to be praised in their approach.

Explained Kydd: "I think that when ordinary supporters see our proposals they will realise that we are far from being a bunch of thick-heads. We care for the game as much as anybody and we feel our suggestions, if put into operation, will benefit not only our members but the game itself."

Many, if not all, of the proposals will be greeted with approval by the average supporter who has watched too much sub-standard football in recent years.

The full list of proposals is:

1. That the Referee's Committee of the League bring into operation 'The Suspended Sentence' especially for first offenders and players with a reasonable record of behaviour on the field of play.

2. A player on report by a referee should be allowed to request a personal hearing before the Referee's Committee, accompanied by a representative of NIPPA, should the player in question feel that by stating his case personally a better understanding of the circumstances can be projected to the Committee. The player should also be allowed to call one witness who was on the field of play at the time of the alleged incident.

3. (a) Change of the Rules of the League to allow ex-professional players to become active club officials and legislators. This would add the experience of the playing side of the game to legislative committees and possibly a better understanding of the frustrations of the local game can be reached for the benefit of all concerned.

3. (b) Generally to ease the rules which restrict young professionals returning to the unpaid ranks (amateur status) after becoming disillusioned with the professional game.

4. To inquire if the Irish League have examined the contents of the Chester Committee Report 1968, which dealt with fixed odds betting on League games in English League Football. It was their recommendation that the Turf Accountants and League come to some arrangement for a percentage of the betting to be channelled to League clubs.

5. Abolish the system of selection of referees for games and introduce a rota system whereby every suitably qualified referee shall have an unbiased attitude to every game, regardless of where that game is played, and to inquire how linesmen are chosen.

6. We would hope that the League and FA would make every possible effort to turn the proposal by Linfield FC, regarding an All-Ireland competition at the beginning of the football season, into a reality with the possibility of sponsorship as an added attraction. With the success of the Blaxnit and more recently the Texaco competition we feel that the suggested competition followed by our own League and Cup would inject fresh interest generally.

The Contract as agreed and signed by part-time professional players in Northern Ireland to be altered to include the following:

7. The club to agree to reimburse any player the loss of his full-time occupational earnings incurred within his normal working day while in the service of that Club, should it be training or playing for that Club.

8. In the existing contract Clause 3, a change in the wording from 'and shall keep himself sober' to 'and shall keep himself fit'. As professional players trained to the full within the limitations of part-time training we object to the indignity of the implication of the word 'sober'.

9. Extension of the period of contract to include the period of pre-season training whereby professional players retained or signed by a club shall receive the sum of £1 per training session for every session attended by that player.

10. Professional players during the pre-season period taking part in a friendly game shall receive a full week's wage except where the game is for a testimonial or charity.

11. Abolish the maximum wage of £6 per week, raising the minimum wage payable to a part-time professional to £8 per week and the maximum to £8 per week.

12. A player having received an injury in the service of the Club while training or playing, causing him any loss of his full wage, shall have the difference between his sickness benefit payment and his basic wage paid to him by the Club.

13. The Club shall have insurance cover to an agreed value upon the player (professional in their employment) whereby the player having received permanent injury in the service of that Club causing him to take no future part in the playing aspect of the game shall receive the agreed value having presented medical evidence of the extent of that injury.

Overall, then, the list has much to commend it. The next step is for the various committees within the game to meet and discuss matters which concern them. Let's hope all the ideas are taken up. The Association deserves a lot of support for it has shown quite clearly a healthy concern for the game as a whole.

FEDERATION BELEAR'S EXPERIMENT SUCCESSES COULD BE A WINNER

NORMAN CUTLER REPORTS ON THE SPANISH "PIONEERS"

THE Balearic Isles are known everywhere as a tremendously popular holiday playground . . . but how many realise that the Islands are probably one of the most intensely concentrated football centres (for their size) in Europe?

Did you know that during five of the last ten years First Division football — and that means Real Madrid, Barcelona, Atletico, Bilbao, Valencia and Company — has been played there?

Is it not surprising that no first class English or Scottish club has won in Mallorca for ten years or more . . . and Derby County, Liverpool, Stoke City, Birmingham City, Preston, Manchester United, Tottenham, Hibernians, Stirling Albion, St. Johnstone and Hibernians (Cork) have all played there?

Did you know that Real Mallorca inflicted upon Real Madrid their heaviest defeat (5-2) for twelve years (until Atletico Bilbao won 5-0 last season?

Unbelievable

It sounds unbelievable that there are 117 clubs on the Island, fielding 176 teams and playing competitive football each week for ten months of the year?

Does it surprise you that 4,229 players were officially registered in 1970-71 . . . an increase of 850 over the previous season, and that evidence shows the trend will be even higher next season?

How many know that in Mallorca there are two of Spain's most impressive and modern grounds . . . Estadio Luis Sitjar holding 50,000 (one of the grounds that may be used in the 1984 World Cup) . . . and Estadio Balear (25,000)?

Also that the Balear Referees Association has contributed three famous referees (Fiol, Rigo and Balanguer) to the European International panel?

All these are glamour facts . . . but behind the successes and achievements is the Federation Balear de Futbol (Affiliated to the National Federation) directed by president, D. Rafal Puelles and his brilliant General Secretary, D. Sebastian Alzamora which is one of the most enterprising regional bodies in Spain.

The Balear Federation have several "firsts" in Spain. They introduced the two-substitute rule that has since become accepted in most European Countries. They were also the first to try the English Football Association Cup one-match knockout system . . . in their local "Copa Inglaterra" for juveniles.

Recently they have become pioneers of a far more important and far-reaching rule . . . one that FIFA and UEFA are watching carefully . . . the Ice Hockey "Sin Bin" expulsion regulation.

Specific period

For a while now, in matches between Island clubs and occasional friendly games with foreign teams, referees have been empowered to send a player off for a specific period . . . one, two, five or more minutes. They consider this allows ruffled tempers and irritations to calm; imposes sanctions for minor infringements which if left to a mere warning or finger wagging often develops into a major issue.

Referees are given full power to impose whatever "off the field" period he feels the infringement deserves. It does not supplant the world wide Regulation 5 of immediate marching orders — or official warning — but gives referees a scale of sanctions. It provides a punishment to fit the crime at the referee's discretion. It also has a valuable disciplinary lesson for the infantile and juvenile players.

The Balear Federation's experiment, which has proved so successful, has so impressed the game's Ruling Body in Spain that the National Federation has written in and introduced this "supplementary" regulation for all juvenile matches throughout the country as from the first of August this year.

Most respected

Don Sebastian Alzamora, one of Spain's most respected administrators (and his colleagues) organised the final and semi-finals of UEFA's first European Cup for Amateur International Selections (1964) in which Scotland, Spain Turkey and Austria competed . . . the Spain-Portugal Military international . . . and the recent Spain-France Amateur International. Don Sebastian is also secretary to the organising body of the City of Palma Tournament, rapidly growing in importance through the intervention of competing teams like Tottenham, Cologne, Hamburgh, Barcelona, Atletico, Bilbao, Atletico Madrid and Standard Lieja.

This briefly is football in Mallorca and the other Balearic Isles . . . powerful, ever-growing and enterprising. All of which makes more staggering the fact that a chairman of one of England "Top Five" clubs, when seeking a game in Mallorca, wrote to Palma FC (Regional League) because as he confessed to me. "I didn't realise there was a First or Second Division side on the Island."

Argument an excuse

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

IN our July editorial, my name was mentioned in connection with the "Great Television Debate", and as certain opinions were expressed in that article, I feel compelled to state my views on this topical subject. I did protest against too much live televising of League matches in Hungary. It is blatantly insane to show football on the box at the same time as the other matches are being played. Of course, the same applies to England, and indeed no one has ever suggested that matches should be telecast "direct" on Saturday afternoons.

These are, then, the first crucial questions: When, and how much? As far as League and Cup matches are concerned, the present arrangements seem perfectly adequate. The ersatz-football served up on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons is acceptable to the viewers—*if it is presented in an entertaining fashion.* But it is mid-week football which shouldn't be shackled, and the existing contracts put strait-jackets on the companies, which is wholly unreasonable. Important and exciting domestic and international Cup ties are staged on week-nights, which ought to be covered by live TV.

Instead of the edited highlights, entire matches could be shown to record-viewing audiences. This is a common practice on the Continent, where one can see an Ajax v. Celtic match for instance in Belgium and West Germany, or a Spain v. Russia international in Portugal or France. The English Cup Final was televised live in 22 countries, the Chelsea-Real Madrid Final (first match) was seen everywhere in Europe—except the UK!

The argument against this practice is nothing more than the feeble excuse that it would adversely affect attendances either at the televised match itself or at other grounds.

Occurrence

The answer is "regional black-out", which, of course, especially on Independent Television, is a daily occurrence. Very few of their programmes (other than sport) are fully networked, and the same applies to the BBC to a lesser extent. In any case, it is highly unlikely that the gate, let's say, at an Arsenal v. Inter European Cup semi-final would suffer because the game was televised.

And to decree that the entire country should be deprived of its showing on account of a Torquay v. Tranmere League match is insulting and ludicrous.

I know several people who deliberately keep themselves ignorant of the results of mid-week games, and then watch the highlights, kidding themselves that they are witnessing the real thing.

It must then be recognised that there is a vast difference between showing a match live or several hours or even a day later.

In order to make the recorded stuff palatable, the companies worked out a successful magazine formula, which by its very nature must include slow-motion replays, discussions and interviews.

The same applies to the excellent Saturday midday programmes on both channels. By forbidding the companies to present these programmes in this manner, the Football League is being totally unfair—not only to the BBC and ITV, but to the same public who keep the game relatively solvent.

Alan Hardaker is quoted as saying: "We may be accused of putting on a gag, but certain incidents that have been shown over and over again recently have damaged football."

Life-long

This reasoning is totally unacceptable! People like Jimmy Hill and Sam Leitch have never intended to damage the image of the game. Apart from their life-long devotion to football they earn their living by it, just like Mr. Hardaker does. The League Secretary says that the showing of incidents is harmful, but doesn't condemn the incidents! Shouldn't that be the first priority? By not showing them, would they suddenly disappear as though they never happened? If football is governed by people who believe in ostrich policies, then the game is indeed in danger. Obviously, the most controversial incident of last season was the West Bromwich goal v. Leeds. I believe that its showing and the discussions surrounding it were actually beneficial. Many viewers had no idea that there is such a thing as "passive-offside". It also brought home to people the fact that the linesmen are only there to assist the referee, who has the right to overrule them. Mr. Tinkler's action in letting play go on, demonstrated these points. London Weekend pulled off a major scoop with their slow-motion shots, when they proved that it was Eddy Kelly and not George Graham who scored the equalising goal at Wembley.

What possible harm can a slow-motion camera do? My colleague Norman Cutler agrees with gagging people who wish to comment on football. The mere word gag sends a shudder down my spine, it smacks of dictatorship, the curtailment of free speech and action.

In Spain, some referees are not above suspicion, and whenever a club or a crowd feel wronged (rightly or otherwise), they are inclined to accuse the officials with deliberate dishonesty. These irresponsible public statements do endanger the game, and can bring it into disrepute. But in England, thank goodness, while the referees' competence might be questionable, their integrity is 100 per cent.

The reasons why the referees are in favour of a certain amount of censorship in this country are twofold. Uninformed criticisms, and their lack of opportunity to answer back. The first point is regrettable but inevitable, and the second is part of the institutionalised muzzling of sections of the football fraternity. To extend this evil code to players and managers would be undemocratic, to say the least.

Out of the thousands of interviews on TV and radio last season, only J. Charlton, Eustace and Don Revie apparently stepped out of line. They did more damage to themselves than to the game, which is much bigger than any set of individuals.

Finally, I would like to nail two fatuous arguments which were put forward recently. "Over-exposure on TV ruined our chances in the League"—Catterick. Ridiculous. By now every team has an efficient spying system—centre-backs do not have to watch TV to find out that Joe Royle is good with his head and likes near-post centres.

"Falling attendances are due to TV." Nonsense. The overall attendances at big-time football matches, including the League Cup and the various international tournaments, were extremely high. The FL cannot sanction these competitions, and at the same time expect rising figures at League matches.

The FA and the League demand more and more money from the TV companies, for less and less—notwithstanding the new deal of a few live mid-week second-half transmissions. The public are bewildered by this strange mixture of greed and parsimony. The TV companies must ignore the dictates of the woolly-minded legislators and follow their own usually correct and honest judgement in deciding what is in the best interest of the game.

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B 1909 Odense captain, Mogens Haastrup with the FA Cup after they had beaten Frem 1–0.

PAYMENT PROBLEM

THE new attitude towards former professional players who have returned home, might ultimately have an improving effect on the national team's results—the capacity 52,000 crowd for the visit of Sweden was no doubt aroused by the fielding of a near all-professional team, there can be no doubt that Danish clubs are suffering very badly from their inability to pay.

The Copenhagen club, B.1903, provide an excellent example of the Danes' dilemma. Division II champions three years ago, they came up to the top class to take the title first time and held it again in 1970. Then, with the interest of foreign scouts firmly aroused, they found their players drifting abroad and are deep in trouble once more.

At the half-way mark—the brief pause for the players to take "summer holidays"—the *champions* occupy tenth place in a 12-club league while beneath them are Akademisk, their Copenhagen neighbours, and Aalborg BK. Akademisk are a fallen power too for last season they finished level on points with B.1903 at the top and lost the title only on goal average!

Turbulent

Leading the field are Vejle BK just one point clear of Frem and Randers Freja, who have 15 points each from their 11 games. Randers illustrate just as clearly how turbulent the Danish domestic game is, for they won the FA Cup twice in a row—the first time as a Division II club—and no doubt their turn to be raided is not far off.

Stars help rekindle interest

Bo Larsson of Malmo FF.

THE return of several emigrant stars including Ove Kindvall (Feyenoord) and Thomas Nordahl (RSC Anderlecht) served to re-kindle interest amongst Sweden's sophisticated population. The result was a boost in gates and tremendous interest in the two international matches away to Denmark and at home to West Germany—both of which were won.

Early in the campaign it was clear that Orgryte IF, the only Gothenburg club remaining in the top cliffs after two of the city's old *prestigioso* teams were relegated at the end of last season, were in serious trouble. Starting with a 2-3 home defeat against newly promoted Lulea, they are still in bottom place at the half-way mark and now they have no Rune Borjesson or Arne Simonsson to help them. Their nearest neighbours Elfsborg (Boras) also started disastrously with four straight defeats and a goals tally of 0 to 6 and it looks as if Sweden's West coast might well be completely second class unless IFK Goteborg or GAIS come back from Division II.

Meanwhile, Stockholm clubs AIK and Djurgarden improved considerably on their showing in recent years though little by little it was champions Malmo FF and Atvidaberg who finally asserted themselves.

Ove Kindvall returned to IFK Norrkoping just in time for their home match with Malmo and the result was their best gate in years—18,000. Kindvall himself went close a couple of times but generally had a quiet game. The result was a goal-less draw, allowing Atvidaberg to go top while on the same day a Stockholm derby pulled in another good crowd to see Hammarby beat Djurgarden 1-0. Djurgarden had three goals disallowed and that appears to have settled their come-back.

For the 11th round—the last of the spring programme — Malmo were at home to AIK who shared second place, but if a close game was expected Malmo rose to the occasion to win convincingly by 5-1 and it seems that Stockholm's hopes after all were premature.

At the break Atvidaberg lead by a point from Malmo and three above AIK, while Ove Eklund and Gosta Sandberg, both from Atvidaberg, top the scorers' list, sharing the seven-goal mark with Bo Larsson of Malmo FF. Just to give Atvidaberg a boost if they need one to take Malmo's league title they beat the southern club 3-2 in the Cup Final.

Ove Kindvall, formerly of Feyenoord, now back in his native Sweden.

Rosenborg slip badly

ROSENBORG TRONDHEIM, whose light shone briefly from the far north two years ago before foreign clubs tempted their star forwards Harald Sunde and Odd Iversen abroad, have slipped into mid-table and in the season thus far their only consolation has been a surprising 3-0 away victory over 1970 Cup and League double winners Stromgodset. This defeat kept Stromgodset from the top for on the same day newly promoted Lyn, playing in the Cup Winners Cup as runners-up to the champions, beat leaders Viking 2-1. Lyn themselves have had a strange season starting brightly after fighting their way back into Division I but then fading. It looks like another close finish, however, with Lyn at the moment two points behind the top three who are all level on points—Viking, Fredrikstadt and Hamarkamaraterna.

Oslo appears to be fated though in reality there are probably too many clubs in the city. After Lyn had been relegated in 1969, Skeid went down last season (1970) and now, after coming up with Lyn during the winter it seems that Frigg's experience in the top class is going to be kept to the absolute minimum. With only one point from their first seven games they finally managed a 2-0 win against fellows in distress, Hodd, but they are still bottom and appear to be booked. In the long run the only answer seems to be amalgamation between some of the more far-seeing Oslo teams.

Ball leads Preston revival

Preston manager Alan Ball senior.

WE had been listening to the radio news about soccer's signings and firings, and the fellow next to me emptied his tankard, turned, and then asked: "Who is this chap Ball?"

He had never heard of the father of the Everton and England star, and, let's be fair, neither had thousands of others at that particular period in time four years ago, because up to then Alan Ball senr. had never made the headlines.

He had been just an average player with Southport and Birmingham during the war years, and later turned out for Oldham, Rochdale, and a handful of non-leaguers before climbing a rung or two and becoming coach to Stoke City.

It was 1967 before this Bolton native's prospects really began improving with a quiet move into the hot seat at Halifax, and acceptance of the thankless task of building a new image where for years they always seem to have been more concerned with play at the Tramsheds end.

Now, today, it's an entirely different matter because manager Ball has crossed The Pennines, rebuilt Preston, hauled them out of the Third Division, and raised his sights on that old spot in the top circle.

If success eventually takes North End back to their old heritage I reckon that administrators and enthusiasts in both the old and the new worlds will applaud, and feel pleased that Deepdale players once again have the proud right to wear that famous P-P badge.

writes ERIC THORNTON

For one should always remember that this historical outfit is a priceless and pioneering part of the fabric of world football, one of the 12 original league clubs of last century, and the first to achieve the fantastic cup-and-league double in one season.

Spurs, Arsenal, Chelsea, Manchester United, Leeds, Newcastle and Liverpool had not even been heard of when the Lancastrians rubbed the noses of Wolverhampton Wanderers into the Cup Final dust of Kennington Oval, in 1889, winning the trophy without conceding a single goal, and also becoming undisputed and undefeated champions of England with six weeks left to play!

Legend

Quite naturally, the legend of Preston's Invincibles was born, and it was small wonder they strode the earth as Proud Preston, constantly recruiting the game's top artistes in their role of recognised ambassadors, and purveyors of everything best in football.

Memory's often a fickle jade, but mine easily recalls from fact and personal knowledge such as Joe McCall, Frank O'Donnell, Alec James, Dickie Bond, John Goodall, Harry Holdcroft, George Mutch, Andy Beattie, Bill Shankly, Bobby Langton, Frank O'Farrell, Willie Cunningham, Tommy Docherty, Tommy Thompson, Charlie Wayman, Eddie Quigley, Joe Marston, Jackie Wharton, Fred Else, Alec Dawson the Black Prince, and, of course, Tom Finney.

The majority of those were internationals. All were masters of their craft with, perhaps, Finney the most accomplished, as he proved by adroitly switching from club and England winger to centre-forward. If they make him a Freeman of that corner of the County Palatine this winter it won't be too early. The same remark can be applied if they offer a seat on the board in this year of grace of 1971.

A dedicated one-club townie, it must have been terrible watching his beloved team slide gradually out of the First and Second Divisions until the notice boards in London Road and Fishergate announced that forthcoming attractions would include Rochdale, Walsall, Barrow, Wrexham and Chesterfield instead of such crowd-pullers as Spurs, Everton, Wolves, Manchester United and Leeds United.

No wonder the crowds thinned. No wonder the Old Faithfuls clicked their teeth and shook their heads as they glanced along Deepdale Road while hurrying about the day's business. Now, however, we have the renaissance, and manager Ball is taking a good view of the future.

Yes, very definitely, soccer benefits by having Preston back among the top 44.

Policeman sues Austrian star

WACKER INNSBRUCK, now renamed Tyrol FC following their amalgamation with Wattens, have an unusual problem on their hands before they enter the European Cup as only Austria's second provisional champions.

One of their players, Helmut Voggenberger, has filed a suit for damages against the Austrian FC international, Gust Starek, on charges of "grievous bodily harm".

Voggenberger said he had been knocked down by Starek on the way to the dressing-rooms following a recent league match. Strange, you might think, for a footballer to take legal action this way, but then Voggenberger is only a part-time professional. His main occupation is ... policeman.

Another storm in Spain as

Vic's men defeat Valencia

BARCELONA beat League Champions Valencia 4-3 in extra time of the highest scoring Spanish Cup final for 30 years. Their victory prevented another of those much publicised League-Cup doubles that are getting so boring in Europe nowadays ... gave Vic Buckingham a triumphant farewell ... and ended a period of 18 months during which Barcelona have risen, under Buckingham's care, from a very poor side to the best in Spain. (They lost the League on goal-average.)

It was a hard-fought, hotly-disputed final that kept 100,000 fans at a fever pitch of tension and excitement for 120 minutes. But it was the most questionable final for many years, one that will give rise to many doubts ... thanks to the Federation's choice of referee.

D. Saiz Elozondo from Vizcaya, a Second Division official until last year, was sadly lacking in experience and class so necessary in any final, let alone a high tension Latin encounter. But for the remarkable comportment of the Madrid crowd, who obviously went to watch in a non-partisan spirit, there might well have been another "Riot" match. Spain really does have a referee problem. Why doesn't the Federation call in a top-class foreign referee for these exceptional games?

Real trouble

Valencia went ahead with a Claramunt penalty in the 20th minute. It was the clearest of penalties, even Buckingham agreed, but Barcelona's protests held the game up for four minutes. The League Champions captain, Paquito, made it 2-0 in the 47th minute from a Valdez corner ... by which time Barcelona looked in real trouble.

But this was football with all its uncertainties. Soon after the interval things began to go wrong for Valencia. Their usually solid defence began to weaken under an incessant eight-man attack and in the 51st minute, a badly formed barrier failed to stop a Fuste free-kick, and Barcelona were right back in the game.

Then came the most sensational incident of the season. Rexach, Barcelona's golden winger, raced along the line ... centred ... and Zabalza's half-volley crashed into the net before Abelardo could move. Immediately the referee shook his head and whistled for offside ... then disappeared beneath a wildly protesting group of Barcelona players. When he eventually came to light he was pointing to the centre circle. Something or someone, somehow, had persuaded him to change his mind and give a goal. It was incredible ... absolutely incredible. It looked as though someone had done a deal in the middle of the scrum.

Spanish Cup Final report by NORMAN CUTLER

Not surprisingly the referee vanished again, this time in a seething mass of white Valencia shirts. This ended with the sending off of Sol, international right-back for protesting and tearing the ref's shirt. (If protesting on this night was an expulsion offence, the whole 22 should have gone.)

Little part

It was discovered afterwards that Sol took little part in the protests. Outside-left Valdez, same fair hair and build as Sol, confessed to taking a "bite" from the referee's shirt ... for a souvenir.

What a scene! Manager Di Stefano ... substitutes ... officials ... all rushed on to the field in a mad whirl of protest. Even Vic Buckingham left his trainer's box to calm his players. And miracles of miracles ... no one took a swipe ... just protests in, I'm told, good old-fashioned language.

Valencia's manager Alfredo Di Stefano whose team narrowly missed the double.

Eventually the game restarted and ended in a 2-2 draw. In extra time Asensi put Barcelona ahead with a goal that was so offside no one bothered to look. Valencia hit back three minutes later through Valdez ... and Alfonseda scored the winning goal eight minutes from time.

By this time ... it was gone midnight ... everyone had had enough.

Both club presidents called it a "spectacular final" ... they were right. Protests, waving arms, fireworks, banners, rattles ... everything except football. The referee refused to comment ... forbidden by the Federation vice-president, D. Pablo Porta ... who happens to be president of the Catalan (Barcelona) Region!!

Severe tests ahead

WELSH football, clearly on the mend after its severe bruising at national and club level during the mid-'60s, is to get a severe early-season test in three Iron Curtain capitals.

In September, Cardiff City cross the Berlin Wall for their European Cup Winners Cup appointment with Dinamo Berlin. And that excursion to East Germany will mark Cardiff's 30th match in the tournament.

In October, the Welsh challenge goes beyond East Germany to Prague, where Czechoslovakia shoot for a double over Wales which they need to qualify for the finals of the European Championship Cup.

And as if those two assignments are not enough, Wales will go back for more in November. It's then that they complete their final booking in the European Championship tourney — Rumania in Bucharest.

Cardiff have a better chance of success than Wales who are doomed to meet the Czechs on the same day as the fourth round of the Football League Cup is played in England.

Heavy loss

The problem there is the obvious one of a heavy loss of players whose clubs will be involved in the domestic competition. Losing players, however, has long been a Welsh tradition.

East Germany will be the 13th country visited by Cardiff since the Cup Winners Cup's most frequent customers first set foot in Europe seven years ago.

It can be argued that of the eight Football League clubs competing in Europe during the coming season, Cardiff's is the most difficult task.

"I don't know very much about Dinamo Berlin," says team manager Jimmy Scoular. "But I won't be surprised if this tie proves to be our toughest in the first round of the competition since Standard Liege beat us home and away six years ago.

"East German football has improved a lot in recent years. After all you don't win the European Youth Cup for nothing."

"I won't be surprised if this tie proves to be our tougest in the first round of the competition since Standard Liege"

Once semi-finalists and twice quarter-finalists, Cardiff play the first leg of the tie in East Berlin. It will be only their second trip behind the Iron Curtain, following the epic trek to Tashkent in March 1968 for a quarter-final against Moscow Torpedo.

And while East Berlin will be an infinitely less exhausting journey than that to Soviet Central Asia, the message for the perennial Welsh Cup holders is that they will have to work a lot harder to survive than in recent first-round matches against the Cypriots of Larnaca and the third-rate Norwegian amateurs from Mioendalen.

Obscurity

Len Allchurch and Mel Nurse are the latest Welsh internationals to play out their career in the comparative obscurity of the Welsh League.

Allchurch, freed by Swansea after a career spanning 600 League matches, has teamed up with elder brother Ivor at Haverfordwest, the West Wales club which finished Welsh League runners-up last season for the second time running.

Nurse, capped 12 times by Wales between 1959 and 1963, will combine part-time football at Pembroke with his

PETER JACKSON from Wales

guest-house business in Swansea.

Nurse, who has been succeeded by Herbie Williams at centre-half in Swansea's Third Division League side, opted for Pembroke after the newly-promoted Southern League Premier Division club Merthyr had offered him terms.

Merthyr's enterprising managing director Maldwyn Davies also discussed business with two Bristol City cast-offs—Alan Skirton and Jantzen Derrick.

Said Davies, a 47-year-old bingo hall proprietor who has injected Penydarren Park with a fresh sense of purpose: "We could have afforded to have both players —if our gates had averaged 6,000."

A momentous decision by the British International Board at its meeting in Swansea last month makes three "Englishmen" eligible to play international football for Wales.

The trio — Sheffield United midfield player Trevor Hockey, Swansea striker David Gwyther and Bolton Wanderers wing-half Gareth Williams.

All three were born in England of a Welsh father. Said a Welsh FA spokesman: "Before a player could only play for Wales if he had been born in the Principality. Now he can play for Wales even though he was born outside the country but only provided his father is Welsh."

There could be a still more anglicised ring to Welsh dressing rooms next season ... particularly if Yorkshireman Hockey wins selection.

LEAGUE TABLES

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Gornik Zabrze	26	17	5	4	43	21	39
Legia Warsaw	26	14	6	6	39	20	34
Zaglebie Walbrzych	26	10	7	9	24	24	27
Pogon	26	9	9	8	23	32	27
Ruch Chorzow	26	8	9	9	43	32	25
Szombierki	26	9	7	10	30	32	25
Zaglebie Sosnowiec	26	8	9	9	32	37	25
Wisla Krakow	26	8	9	9	26	36	25
Stal Rzeszow	26	6	12	8	34	26	24
Stal Mielec	26	8	8	10	27	33	24
Gwardia Warsaw	26	8	7	11	24	28	23
Polonia	26	5	11	8	15	22	23
ROW Rybnik	26	7	8	11	15	22	22
GKS Katowice	26	4	13	9	20	30	21

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Dinamo Bucharest	30	13	10	7	49	31	36
Rapid Bucharest	30	12	11	7	35	25	35
Steaua	30	11	11	8	46	31	33
UT Arad	30	14	5	11	49	35	33
Steagul rosu	30	13	7	10	32	29	33
Universitatea Craiova	30	12	8	10	29	32	32
Petrolul	30	10	11	9	33	35	31
Politehnica	30	13	4	13	50	41	30
Arges	30	11	8	11	41	44	30
SC Bacau	30	13	4	13	37	41	30
Farul	30	11	8	11	39	45	30
Universitatea Cluj	30	10	9	11	36	33	29
Jiul	30	12	4	14	28	35	28
CFR Cluj	30	9	8	13	37	52	26
Progresul	30	8	9	13	34	39	25
CFR Timisoara	30	7	5	18	21	46	19

European Championship

GROUP 1

Czechoslovakia 1, Finland 1
Rumania 3, Finland 0
Wales 0, Rumania 0
Wales 1, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Rumania 0
Finland 0, Wales 1
Finland 0, Czechoslovakia 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Czechoslovakia	4	3	1	0	9	2	7
Rumania	3	1	1	1	3	1	3
Wales	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Finland	4	0	1	3	1	9	1

GROUP 2

Norway 1, Hungary 3
France 3, Norway 1
Bulgaria 1, Norway 1
Hungary 1, France 1
Hungary 0, Bulgaria 3
Norway 1, Bulgaria 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	3	2	1	0	8	2	5
France	2	1	1	0	4	2	3
Hungary	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Norway	4	0	1	3	4	11	1

GROUP 3

Malta 1, Greece 1
Greece 0, Switzerland 1
Malta 0, Switzerland 2
Malta 0, England 1
Switzerland 5, Malta 0
England 3, Greece 0
England 5, Malta 0
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Greece 2, Malta 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Switzerland	4	4	0	0	7	1	8
England	3	3	0	0	9	0	6
Greece	5	1	1	3	3	6	5
Malta	6	0	1	5	2	15	1

GROUP 4

Spain 3, Northern Ireland 0
Cyprus 1, Russia 3
Cyprus 0, Northern Ireland 3
Northern Ireland 5, Cyprus 0
Cyprus 0, Spain 2
Russia 2, Spain 1
Russia 6, Cyprus 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Russia	3	3	0	0	11	3	6
Spain	3	2	0	1	6	2	4
Northern Ireland	3	2	0	1	8	3	4
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

GROUP 5

Denmark 0, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Denmark 0
Belgium 2, Denmark 0
Belgium 3, Scotland 0
Belgium 3, Portugal 0
Portugal 2, Scotland 0
Portugal 5, Denmark 0
Denmark 1, Belgium 2
Denmark 1, Scotland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	4	4	0	0	10	1	8
Portugal	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
Scotland	4	1	0	3	1	4	2
Denmark	4	1	0	5	2	11	2

GROUP 6

Eire 1, Sweden 1
Sweden 1, Eire 0
Austria 1, Italy 2
Italy 3, Eire 0
Eire 1, Italy 2
Sweden 1, Austria 0
Eire 1, Austria 4
Sweden 0, Italy 0
Austria 0, Sweden 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	4	3	1	0	7	2	7
Sweden	4	2	2	0	3	1	6
Austria	3	1	0	2	5	4	2
Eire	5	0	1	4	3	11	1

GROUP 7

Holland 1, Yugoslavia 1
Luxembourg 0, Yugoslavia 2
East Germany 1, Holland 0
Luxembourg 0, East Germany 5
Holland 6, Luxembourg 0
Yugoslavia 1, Holland 0
East Germany 2, Luxembourg 1
East Germany 1, Yugoslavia 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Yugoslavia	4	3	1	0	6	2	7
East Germany	4	3	0	1	9	3	6
Holland	4	1	1	2	7	3	3
Luxembourg	4	0	0	4	1	15	0

GROUP 8

Poland 3, Albania 0
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Turkey 2, Albania 1
Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
Albania 1, Poland 1
West Germany 2, Albania 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
West Germany	4	3	1	0	7	1	7
Poland	2	1	1	0	4	1	3
Turkey	3	1	1	1	3	5	3
Albania	5	0	1	4	2	9	1

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

JUNE 9

Sweden (0) 0 — 40,000
Italy (0) 0

Sweden: Hellstrom; Grip, Nordquist, Kristensson, Hult; Svensson, Larsson; Kindvall (Olsson), Johansson (Cronqvist), Eriksson, Persson.
Italy: Zoff; Cera; Burgnich, Rosato, Facchetti; Mazzola, Bertini, De Sisti; Domenghini, Boninsegna, Prati.
(Ref: Scheurer/Switzerland).

Norway (0) 1 (Iversen) — 22,000
Bulgaria (4) 4 (Bonev 2, 1 pen., Zhekov, Vassilev)

Norway: Kaspersen; Nilsson, Thorsen, Olafsen, Sliinning; Nilsen, Petersen, Johansen; Fuglset, Iversen, Lund.
Bulgaria: Jordanov; Gaidarski, Penev, Velichov, Jetchev; Kolev, Vassilev, Bonev; Zhekov, Petkov, Vassilev.
(Ref.: Gow/Wales).

Denmark (1) 1 (Laudrup) — 38,600
Scotland (0) 0

Denmark: Sorensen; Nielsen, Berg, Arentoft, Rasmussen; Bjerre, Laudrup (Outzen), Bjornmose; Le Fevre, B. Nielsen (Petersen), Christensen.
Scotland: Clark; Munro, McKinnon, Moncur, Dickson; Stanton, Forsyth; T. McLean, Stein, Curran, Forrest (Scott).
(Ref: Riedel/East Germany).

JUNE 12

West Germany (2) 2 (Netzer, Grabowski)
Albania (0) 0 — 46,000

West Germany: Maier; Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Sieloff, Vogts (Bleidick); Wimmer, Netzer, Overath (Held); Grabowski, Koppelin, Heynckes.
Albania: Muhedi; Gjika, Breischa, Ziu, Chani; Ragami, Sedini, Bisi; Balaku (Vaso), Panou, Choka.
(Ref: Latsos/Greece).

Finland (0) 0 — 4,500
Czechoslovakia (2) 4 (Josef Capkovic, Pollak, Karko 2)

Finland: Nasman; Kantonen, Kilponen, Rajantie, Suomalainen, Heikkila; Nummelin, Flink; Tolsa, Toivanen, Rissanen.
Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Dobias, Hrivnak, Taborsky, Desiatnik; Pollak, Kuna; Frantisek Vesely (Karko), Strnad, Adamec, Josef Capkovic.
(Ref.: Srodecki/Poland).

JUNE 20

Greece (0) 2 (Davourlis, Aidiniou)
Malta (0) 0 — 12,000

Greece: Poupakis; Eleftheriadis, Siokos (Toskas), Glezos, Gousaris; Pappas (Karafeskos), Sarafis; Stavropoulos, Aidiniou, Kritikopoulos, Davourlis.
Malta: Borg Bonaci; Pace Grima, Darmanin (Micallef), Camilleri; Theobald, Vassallo; Cocks, Cini, Bonett, Farrugia (Arpa).
(Ref: Zsolt/Hungary).

FIRST PRESIDENT'S CUP OF KOREA — 1971

Korea Republic (0) 1 Thailand (0) 0
Indonesia (2) 9 Vietnam Republic (0) 1
Malaysia (2) Khmer (0) 1
Burma (2) 2 China Republic (0) 0
China Republic (0) 1 Indonesia (1) 2
Khmer (2) 3 Thailand (2) 4
Vietnam Republic (0) 0 Burma (2) 2
Korea Republic (4) 5 Malaysia (0) 1
Malaysia (1) 4 Thailand (0) 1
Burma (0) 3 Indonesia (1) 1
China Republic (1) 2 Vietnam Rebpublic (0) 0
Korea Republic (1) 2 Khmer (0) 0

GROUP A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Korea Republic	3	3	0	0	8	1	6
Malaysia	3	2	0	1	8	7	4
Thailand	3	1	0	3	4	9	0

GROUP B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Burma	3	3	0	0	7	1	6
Indonesia	3	2	0	1	12	5	4
China Republic	3	1	0	2	3	4	2
Vietnam Republic	3	0	0	3	1	13	0

Semi-finals

Burma (4) 6 Malaysia (0) 1
Korea Republic (2) 3 Indonesia (0) 0

Third place

Indonesia (2) 4 Malaysia (1) 2

Final

Korea Republic (0) 0 Burma (0) 0

Replay

Korea Republic (0) 0 Burma (0) 0
(after extra time)

Malta goalkeeper Mizzix saves from England centre-half Roy McFarland and centre-forward Martin Chivers.

LEAGUE TABLES AROUND EUROPE

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Wacker Innsbruck	**30**	**20**	**4**	**6**	**68**	**30**	**44**
Austria Salzburg	30	18	7	5	64	31	43
Rapid Vienna	30	16	9	5	65	37	41
Vienna FC	30	14	9	7	55	39	37
Linz ASK	30	15	6	9	53	44	36
Voest Linz	30	13	10	7	44	38	36
Admira Energie	30	14	4	12	55	57	32
Wattens	30	12	7	11	50	45	31
Wiener Sportklub	30	10	9	11	54	40	29
Austria Wien	30	10	9	11	44	45	29
Grazer AK	30	12	4	14	36	54	28
Sturm Graz	30	10	4	16	35	42	24
Simmering	30	8	7	15	31	55	23
Bregenz	30	7	5	18	31	60	19
Wacker Wien	30	5	6	19	43	59	16
Radentheim	30	4	4	22	31	81	12

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Spartak Trnava	**30**	**17**	**6**	**7**	**52**	**27**	**40**
VSS Kosice	30	16	4	10	46	30	36
SKLDO Union Teplice	30	14	7	9	38	26	35
Sparta Prague	30	14	7	9	38	32	35
Banik Ostrava	30	11	12	7	39	33	34
Slovan Bratislava	30	11	10	9	34	28	32
Inter Bratislava	30	11	8	11	34	34	30
Tatran Presov	30	11	8	11	28	32	30
ZVL Zilina	30	9	11	10	39	40	29
TZ Trinec	30	12	5	13	32	36	29
Jednota Trencin	30	12	5	13	39	44	29
Slavia Prague	30	11	7	12	27	33	29
Dukla Prague	30	10	8	12	42	41	28
Lokomotiva Kosice	30	9	8	13	27	30	26
Skoda Pilzen	30	8	6	16	30	54	22
TJ Gottwaldov	30	5	6	19	30	56	16

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	BP	P
Ujpest Dozsa	**30**	**18**	**7**	**5**	**71**	**29**	**(8)**	**51**
Ferencvaros	30	16	9	5	51	26	(8)	49
Vasas Budapest	30	19	3	8	61	25	(6)	47
Honved	30	14	8	8	54	37	(7)	43
MTK Budapest	30	10	13	7	46	35	(7)	40
Csepel	30	9	14	7	35	27	(6)	38
Salgotarjan	30	14	6	10	46	46	(2)	36
Tatabanya	30	12	6	12	43	35	(4)	34
Raba ETO Gyor	30	13	6	11	37	34	(1)	33
Videoton	30	9	12	9	29	33	(3)	33
Pecs	30	8	12	10	28	34	(5)	33
Diosgyor	30	10	7	13	24	47	(5)	32
Szombathely	30	9	7	14	40	52	(3)	28
Komlo	30	7	10	13	35	53	(2)	26
Dunaujvaros	30	3	7	20	23	69	(4)	17
Szeged	30	3	5	22	28	75	(1)	12

Points in brackets are those gained from unofficial summer championship.)

EAST. GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Dynamo Dresden	**26**	**18**	**3**	**5**	**56**	**29**	**39**
Carl Zeiss Jena	26	14	5	7	58	29	33
Chemie Halle	26	10	10	6	35	29	30
Magdeburg	26	10	7	9	37	38	27
Union Berlin	26	8	11	7	27	33	27
Sachsenring Zwickau	26	11	4	11	40	42	26
Vorwaerts Berlin	26	10	6	10	38	44	26
Hansa Rostock	26	10	5	11	31	25	25
Dynamo Berlin	26	10	5	11	31	29	25
Lokomotiv Leipzig	26	9	6	11	42	46	24
Wismut Aue	26	8	5	13	39	36	21
Stahl Riesa	26	6	9	11	28	41	21
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	26	6	9	11	28	44	21
Chemie Leipzig	26	5	9	12	27	43	19

WEST GERMANY

(Play-offs for Bundesliga places)

GROUP ONE:	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
VfL Bochum	**8**	**7**	**0**	**1**	**23**	**11**	**14**
VfL Osnabruck	8	2	1	4	11	13	7
FK Pirmasens	8	3	1	4	11	14	7
Karlsruher SC	8	3	1	4	9	12	7
Tasmania 1900	8	2	1	5	13	17	5

GROUP TWO:	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Fortuna Duesseldorf	**8**	**6**	**2**	**0**	**19**	**7**	**14**
Borussia Neunkirchen	8	4	1	3	11	9	9
St. Pauli	8	3	2	3	10	14	8
Nurnberg	8	3	1	4	14	10	7
Wacker '04	8	1	0	7	6	20	2

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Hajduk Split	**34**	**18**	**13**	**3**	**61**	**31**	**49**
Zeleznicar	34	18	9	7	56	33	45
Dinamo	34	17	9	8	55	32	43
OFK Belgrade	34	15	8	11	54	34	38
Partizan	34	14	10	10	44	34	38
Red Star	34	14	8	12	62	46	36
Olimpija	34	13	10	11	47	35	36
Velez	34	14	8	12	52	48	36
Celik	34	14	8	12	35	32	36
Sloboda	34	9	14	11	23	29	32
Radnicki Nis	34	11	9	14	37	43	31
Srajevo	34	9	11	14	42	51	29
Maribor	34	9	11	14	33	48	29
Borac	34	9	11	14	47	66	29
Vojvodina	34	9	10	15	38	43	28
Radnicki Kra.	34	9	10	15	29	50	28
Bor	34	9	8	17	43	63	26
Crvenka	34	8	7	19	28	58	23

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